

**THE LIBERATING  
EDUCATION OF  
TOMASINA JONES**

by

**Emy Naso**

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## **Dedication**

For Catherine, her constant friendship has been a great  
strength to me

## It Started Like This

Somewhere out there in the big wide world, the magazines she read told Tomasina it was all happening. People got up to weird and wonderful things, went to fabulous parties and met exciting men. Glamour oozed from every TV screen and at her local cinema. The pot of gold shimmered at the end of the rainbow, beckoning, even demanding, to be discovered. The cup of happiness overflowed wherever she looked. These were Tomasina's ramblings.

"Well, fuck me if that isn't a load of rubbish," Tomasina shrugged at the group of pigs staring at her with their porky slit eyes. "If some of those commentators lived around here, they'd not be so glib with their talk. May my husband be struck by lightning and drop dead so I can be free." She nervously giggled and felt guilty about such a thought.

She threw the last of her sandwich to the pigs and strolled on along the lane, passed the squat, square tower of the Normanesque church and stood bolt still. There in the farmyard were two police cars.

Her first thought centered around her husband, Vincent. Five years of marriage and he was into more dodgy deals than a prohibition gangster. Perhaps the law had caught up with him at last. No, *catching up* wasn't the issue. The local police knew all about his activities. It was getting evidence against him.

What would it be? His iffy selling of antique furniture? Scrape the fake aging away from a so-called Queen Anne chair, and underneath you'd find something no older than last year's birthday. Or was it going to be the *Jaystone Club*?

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

Now that was a Vincent special. The creep had put an advert in the County newspaper, suggesting he was an agent for a movie company. Very carefully worded so it didn't promise, just imply.

Nice little earner for Vincent, that was. Had twenty young women answer the advert. The pervert set up a photography studio in town. Took money off the women. Said it was for taking photos, arranging meetings and forwarding to Hollywood producers. The pictures never got any farther than the local pub, where Vincent showed the best of them to his fellow drinking mates.

She wondered whether to turn around, take another walk back to the pigs—the real ones, not the slang for police—and let Vincent sort out his own problems. She was married to him for fuck sake, she wasn't his mother!

But perhaps, seeing him squirm and try to wriggle his way out of a police investigation would be good fun. Tomasina let her mind wander. She imaged visiting day at the prison. There in the reception room, a six foot tall policeman would ask her if she had any illegal contraband. Demurely, the auburn haired lady, five foot six with a good rounded figure, fluttered her eyelids at the handsome hunk and said, "I'm afraid if you don't believe me, I'll have to submit to a search." The broad shouldered policeman would look stern and say, with a grin, "Strip off, lady." Tomasina Kettleborough got down to her bra and panties, the black and red ones. "I'm so shy, you'll have to take the rest off," she'd coyly say. As the hot breathing guy fiddled with the clasp on her bra, a voice said, "Excuse me, are you Mrs. Kettleborough?"

Bloody dream over. Back to reality. It wasn't a tall young policeman disrobing her. The voice belonged to an overweight, sweating policeman, who reminded Tomasina of her porky pigs.

"What's he been up to this time?" she drawled, meaning her husband Vincent.

"I think you'd better come inside the house and sit down, madam."

"Why, are you going to hit me?"

He stared at her.

"It's a joke...forget it."

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

Tomasina followed the policeman into her own kitchen.

“Coffee?” she asked in a perfunctory way, hoping he wouldn’t outstay his welcome. Then she realized he wasn’t that welcome anyway.

He adopted the kind of face which could have got him a job as a Halloween dummy. Tomasina wondered if he was married. *Geez, he would frighten the kids*, she mused.

“We have some bad news for you, Mrs. Kettleborough.”

“Like what?” She wished he’d get on with it.

“It’s your husband.”

“Where?” Tomasina looked around, thinking Vincent had come in.

“No, madam, I mean, this is about your husband.”

“Okay, where is he? Down at the police station? Or perhaps some irate husband has hit him for taking those picture...” she stopped, realizing she could be getting Vincent in more trouble by revealing his sins and misdemeanors.

“Mrs. Kettleborough, your husband is dead.”

She understood the words. Knew what they meant. But couldn’t comprehend. Didn’t want to grasp the meaning.

“How?” She almost said why. That would have been stupid. Tomasina felt disorientated.

“He was playing golf, madam.”

“It’s a boring game, but it doesn’t kill people.” She realized that was a sassy remark too far. “I mean...well, just tell me, damn it, Constable.”

“Struck by lightning.”

“Holy cow,” she blurted out. “Did he die straight away?”

“Yes, madam. They were on the eighteenth tee.”

*Now he was being pedantically ridiculous.* Then it went through her mind that Vincent would do anything to avoid paying for a round of drinks in the clubhouse. This time, he got bloody close. Killed on the last hole! Tomasina shook her mind. This was no laughing matter. Vincent was dead.

“Would you like us to do anything, Mrs. Kettleborough?”

“Where’s Vincent...well, the body?”

“At the golf club.”

“I’ll arrange...” she paused. What do you do with a dead husband at a golf club?

The policeman coughed in embarrassment. “Don’t worry about anything like that, Mrs. Kettleborough. We’ll arrange for an undertaker to collect...” This was followed by an uncomfortable silence for the policeman.

There followed a few questions and then a hasty retreat. Tomasina lit a cigarette from the opened packet on the table, spluttered and realized she didn’t smoke. They were Vincent’s.

In a few days time, the rogue will be smoke and ashes himself, she sobbed, wiping away a small tear. Tomasina didn’t pretend great grief. She’d met him ten years ago. She was eighteen, he was good-looking, with a constant procession of sexual tricks on the back seat of his flashy sedan car.

It didn’t take long for Tomasina to fathom that sleight of hand and hardness of cock were the only attributes Vincent had. But time passed, the district wasn’t a seething mass of eligible men, and he made her laugh. Five years of an on-and-off relationship finally ended in marriage.

And here she was, five years after that very forgettable day, and the man was dead. He had done nothing in the marriage to light her fire, and at the end, he went out like a bright, sparkling firecracker. A twenty thousand finger bolt had pointed down at Vincent Mulberry Kettleborough, and given him more of a thrill than he’d ever given her.

She sobbed again, more in sympathy for poor Vincent than sorrow.

“Fucking hell!” she shouted. The cat jumped off the stool and scooted out of the kitchen.

“Lightning,” she said to herself and walked around in an agitated manner. “I was wishing the bugger would get struck. Geez, I never realized requests got answered.”

## **What A Turn Out, Not**

The weather never did what it should. The day of Vincent's funeral was a disaster. Perhaps Tomasina had seen too many movies, where the funeral procession walked in a dirge across a foggy graveyard. The lady looked out the window. It was blazing sun and already very hot.

Tomasina showered. The water ran down her body. Many times she'd tried to get Vincent in a sexy mood by inviting him into the shower with her. He never seemed interested. He didn't like water with his sex, or his beer.

The soap bubbles made her feel good. Lathering her hands, she made circular motions over her breasts. She had a good body. Even if Vincent didn't make the most of it, Tomasina got enough chat-up lines and whistles from the men around the district to know she had assets in demand.

Closing her eyes, her fingers played at the base of her stomach and then, as fantasy took over, pushed over her mound and into the folds of her sex.

*Frigging yourself might be disrespectful to Vincent. After all, he couldn't get stiff—he was one!*

She left the shower, dried and walked into the bedroom. Vincent had spent so many nights elsewhere—she never wanted to know where—that sleeping in an empty double bed wasn't strange. Tomasina sat on a chair and started to apply make-up.

*Wonder who will turn up for the funeral? Well cremation she'd decided on. Bet Vincent's mother would be the last to arrive. She always was*

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

for everything. Mrs. Agnes Kettleborough would telephone at some point and say 'Put him on a low crematorium oven setting—I'm running late.'

"Stop this," she said, finished fixing her face and went to the closet to decide what to wear.

\* \* \* \*

"How much?" she asked the taxi driver. He looked at the notes in her hand, made a cursory glance at the tariff meter, which hadn't worked for years, and said, "That's fine, lady. Have a nice day."

*Nice day! The idiot. What, at a funeral?*

The parish church of Wintererton had been built in wood and thatch by the Saxons in 1025; pulled down in 1103 by the Normans and put up in stone; destroyed during the Reformation in Henry the Eighth's time, as it had a small monastery next to it; rebuilt by some zealot reformer as a chapel in the eighteen century, and was now slowly being stripped by the hooligans and vandals, courtesy of twenty-first century society.

Tomasina tiptoed over the grass verge and stood by the east entrance. The low murmur of the organ seeped out. She didn't recognize the tune. It sounded suitably solemn. It was probably the only one Mrs. Grace Darling, wife of the minister, could play.

She entered the chapel. Tomasina had seen a bigger crowd at the local pub on a wet January afternoon.

As predicted, Vincent's mother hadn't arrived. The minister, Blakemore Darling, stood at the far end. In the pews were two people. One was Benny Jackson, the owner of a motel up the coast a way. Tomasina shrugged, wondering why he was here. Perhaps Vincent owed him money?

On the other side of the aisle sat a blonde woman, early twenties, immaculately dressed in black, and certainly not from around these parts.

Mr. Darling walked toward her and put on one of his four faces—Weddings, Christenings, Funerals and the one that said, 'We are still collecting for the restoration fund for the church tower'. The expressions didn't differ that much, but this one was definitely a funeral one.

“Mrs...” he searched for the name, looked at his notes, and went on...”Kettleborough. Your husband will be missed by everyone.”

*Certainly the police*, she thought, but just smiled back.

All the way through the perfunctory service, Tomasina kept trying to slyly sneak a glance at the blonde. They sang the final hymn, ‘Nearer To Me, Thy God’, which in Vincent’s case, couldn’t have been farther from the truth, then Tomasina watched as the coffin slowly disappeared on the automatic moving belt, taking it discreetly to the crematorium.

Just as it said farewell to the congregation of three, a clip-clop of stiletto heels echoed on the church quarry tiles, and a voice shrieked out in her nasal twang, “Sorry I’m late, Minister, I couldn’t find the cat.” It could only be Vincent’s mother.

Blakemore Darling walked up to Vincent’s mother, put on face number two, decided it was the wrong one, switched to number three, and took her hands in his. “Come, let us go out into the garden of remembrance.” He intoned in a voice that only ministers of the church can assume.

The garden was a mighty fine word for the piece of land to the north of the chapel. After the cremation, some folks took the ashes of their beloved away. Others walked down over the dunes, and had a Viking burial by scattering the remains to the wind and letting them drift into the North Sea. Still others had a few minutes silence and then left the urn in these tatty gardens.

“This is a sad day,” the minister began.

“No, it’s okay, I found the cat,” Vincent’s mother said.

“I meant the funeral, Mrs. Kettleborough.”

“Is that me or her you are talking to?” she asked.

The minister blushed, and mumbling something incomprehensible, he hurried away to attend to the collection of Vincent’s ashes in the crematorium.

“Could have worn something suitable,” old Mrs. Kettleborough huffed, sizing Tomasina up and down.

“What’s wrong?” the younger Mrs. Kettleborough asked. “It’s a hot day!”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Yes, I know, Tomasina, but a short skirt showing all that thigh and your blouse buttoned so far down the minister couldn’t take his eyes off your cleavage, is hardly appropriate.”

“At least I got here on time,” Tomasina spat back. They were long time sparring partners.

“My side of the family was represented,” the mother protested.

“Who by?”

“Vincent.”

“For geez sake, he didn’t have any choice. The poor bugger had to be here!”

The argument came to a halt as the minister arrived with a simple urn. Both women reached out to collect it. Tomasina stared at the older Mrs. Kettleborough, shrugged and said, “You take him, he spent precious little time with me in life.” Vincent’s mother triumphantly marched off with her son.

“She never does any housekeeping,” Tomasina muttered, “He’ll be just one more collection of dust.”

The minister looked sheepishly at Tomasina and took her arm.

“The lady over there would like a word with you.”

Tomasina noticed the elegant lady in black standing by the chapel door. She went over.

“Yes?” Tomasina began.

“I’m Samantha.”

“That’s nice for you,” Tomasina replied with an edge to her voice.

“You don’t recognize the name?”

“Should I?”

“We had something in common.”

*It wasn’t clothes sense,* Tomasina thought, then added, “What?”

“Vincent.”

“Vincent?”

“We shared him.”

“Look, lady...”

“Samantha.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Okay, Samantha...if you want a share of Vincent, I’d catch the old bag up over there. She has his ashes in that urn.”

“We shared Vincent in life, Tomasina.”

“Explain?”

The cultured blonde took a long breath, as if she was practicing for an emotional moment in a movie.

“Vincent was my lover.”

Tomasina stared. Then she laughed.

“Lover! Excuse me, Samantha, but what did you see in a scruffy petty thief like him?”

“We were soul-mates. He shared my sensitivity, Tomasina.”

“And he probably shared your money, honey.”

“We had something going,” the lady in black wept.

“Well, lady, now he’s gone...and so am I.”

Tomasina walked away and went back into the chapel to say goodbye to the minister.

“My dear, Tomasina...if I may call you that,” he soothed as she found him in the vestry. “I know we haven’t seen you in this chapel before, but be assured, I am here to comfort you.” Blakemore Darling put his hand around her shoulder. She got the impression he was looking down the front of her blouse.

“Thanks, Minister, I’ll remember that.”

He squeezed her and stroked her hair. She smiled up at him and with a sweet countenance, kneed him in the groin.

“My husband has just been taken off in an urn...and you’re after getting in my panties. Get lost.”

Tomasina marched back out of the chapel, where the lady in black still sobbed by the door. She didn’t give her a second look but walked purposely up the lane, turned right and went into the *Rose & Crown Inn* to buy herself a double gin.

## **Run For The...Motel!**

The phone hit the cradle. It sounded like a rifle shot. Tomasina pushed her hands through her hair in an agitated gesture. She looked around the table where the phone stood and decided what to throw at the wall. The directory got the honor.

Tomasina went into the lounge and slumped on the sofa. Che, a large black and white cat, gave her a wary look, debating in his mind whether this was the time to meow for food. He decided silence might be better when his mistress was in this mood.

She determined he was the best bet to talk to.

“Do you know who that was?”

He hadn't a clue but kept up the inscrutable look cats are so famed for. He didn't want to let the feline world down.

“That was the police. I think they reckon I was involved in my late husband's dodgy deals.”

Che avoided eye contact. It was said by cat experts that it was a sign of aggression management. Che thought, like most cats, that humans lived on another planet with all their psychobabble. Cats didn't look directly at humans because they found most of them intensely ugly.

“So, Che, let's sum up. In the last five days, my unlamented husband has been struck by lightning, I've had an argument over his ashes, the minister has tried to convert me to sexual healing...and now, the police suspect me of being a criminal. Can you think of any more misdemeanors?”

*Not feeding me, pushing my divine person off the bed last night and not sharing your fish supper.*

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Do you know what I should do?”

*Apologize to me and pour out a saucer of milk?*

“No, neither do I.”

*Hey, Mistress Tomasina, you’re not listening, are you?*

Tomasina got up and paced around the room. She went back to the phone in the hall and flickered through the grubby black notebook. Then she dialed.

“Hello, *Poacher’s Pocket Motel*.”

“Is Benny Jackson there?” Tomasina asked tentatively.

A voice called for the man. “Just a minute,” the woman at the other end of the phone said. Tomasina waited, curling the cord of the phone around her fingers and wondering why she was making this call. The truth was, she didn’t know.

“Hello, Benny here. Who’s this?”

Tomasina felt her throat gulp. “It’s me, Tomasina...” she paused and the name Kettleborough stuck fast. That was an old world...“Jones.”

“Who?”

“You only saw me yesterday, Benny. At Vincent’s funeral, remember?”

“Oh, that Tomasina.”

“For geez sake, Benny, how many Tomasina’s do you know? And for that matter, how many funerals do you attend?”

“Okay, babe, it was the name Jones that threw me.”

“That’s what I used to be.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Used to go to school with you, didn’t I?”

“Look, Benny, I didn’t call so we could recall the time we were both innocent.”

“Don’t know about you, babe, but I was never that.”

“All right, Benny, I’ll get to the point. Why were you at Vincent’s funeral?”

“He died,” Benny said in a voice thinly disguised with solemnity.

“Cut the humor, Benny. You know what I mean. You were not one of Vincent’s mates.”

“No, you’re right, Tomasina...but I’ve always fancied you.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

The lady sat down on a wooden chair by the table, taking a deep breath and thinking.

“Benny, I was with Vincent for ten years. You never said anything.”

“I’m not into stealing other men’s women,” he said. She thought he sounded serious, so Tomasina kept hold of her sassy tongue.

“That still doesn’t explain why you came to the funeral. What did you expect? To screw me in the front pew now I’m a free widow?”

“Just wanted to know if there was anything I could do, Tomasina.”

She had no idea where the next thought came from. Impulse, probably.

“Need any assistance with the motel, Benny?”

“Like what?”

“Work, you idiot. I need to get away.”

“It’s only eight miles up the coast.”

“That will do for a start,” she huffed.

There was a silence. Then, “Barmaid in the pub and bedmaker in the motel. Any good?”

“Can I bring a cat?”

“As long as you keep it in your room.”

“So I’ve got a room, have I?”

“Thought you said you wanted to get away. I assumed you’d want to live here, Tomasina.”

“Okay. Be there this evening. By the way, I’m now going to be Tomasina Jones.”

“You’ll still be the same lady—auburn hair, light blue eyes and a figure to die for.”

“Okay, Benny, I accept the job. But don’t presume anything else.”

## **On The Wild Side**

*The Poacher's Pocket Motel* stood right by the sea. At high tide, one could look out from the bar across the room of the pub area, and see the waves battering against the curved concrete defenses. That's if one could penetrate the thick layer of smoke in the evening. This was a pub frequented by hard drinkers and strong smokers.

They were of three types. The farming community, workers from the gas terminal two miles along the coast, or the retired folk who came to this part of the County because it was quiet...and cheap for housing.

Tomasina had now worked in the motel for five days. It suited her disposition. Yawning slowly out of bed at eleven in the morning, having breakfast made by someone else—the awesome figure of Mrs. Kedery, the cook—making up the beds in the motel chalets after the guests checked out by twelve and serving in the bar in the afternoon. Sometimes, she did the evening as well.

Afternoons consisted of the local workers taking a lunch break. It was pleasant and even the old folk popping in for an inexpensive lunch soon got to know Tomasina. The women liked her easy chatting style—the men liked her shape, even if they were confined to just looking. Twilight memories of past glories!

The evening shift was altogether different. It started sedately, got rowdier, and by ten o'clock, Benny had to make an appearance to help Tomasina and the other barmaid, Carol, keep order. By the time it came to close to twelve, at least two drunks had to be helped out, Tomasina regularly got three or four proposals, all

indecent and persistent. She didn't mind. Ever since her slim girlhood frame had filled out and become full of curves and swerves, she'd got used to the male predator. Most were harmless, some ridiculous, all immature.

Tonight was Friday. The worse for drunkenness, as the riggers came in from the oil platforms, loaded with money, testosterone and by the close of the pub, more beer than their systems could hold. They didn't buy beer—just rented it!

As the last customer was pushed out the door by Benny and his friend, Arthur, who himself looked like an oil rig, Carol leaned on the bar and grinned at Tomasina.

"I had one who said he'd never met any woman as pretty as me, and wanted us to run away to Turkey."

"Why Turkey?" Tomasina casually asked as she mopped up the tables.

"Never found out. Didn't give him the opportunity to explain. Men are so bloody full of talk when they want to screw you, and afterwards, you'd be lucky to get a few words out of them. And that would be banal, like, where's my boxer shorts?"

The two women joked and laughed as they cleared up, swapping ribald tales of what the male customers said and suggested. When they'd finished, Carol shouted a goodnight as she didn't live in the motel. Her boyfriend came to collect her.

Tomasina flicked out the barroom lights and walked along the corridor where the restrooms were. She smiled at the paintings on the wall. Benny loved to theme everything. The wall in the bar was plastered in football memorabilia. This corridor had pictures of Vikings. The area around Walcot had a history saying the Vikings landed here in 867AD. There were representations of the two leaders, Ingvar and Ubbe. Tomasina thought it would be fun to go on the rampage for a bit of pillaging.

At the end of the corridor, a swing door opened onto a path to the outside. This led to the six motel rooms, one of which Tomasina occupied. She went into her room, her head still full of images of herself running amok, horned helmet and bringing fear to the men of the district as she sought to discover whether they were

equipped to satisfy Tomasina the Auburn. She giggled to herself. *Didn't have the same sound as Erik the Red.*

It was gone midnight. She idly flicked on the TV. Nothing but channel after channel of news. Not a naughty film on view.

She decided as Saturday was also going to be a busy day, she'd better get to bed. She liked the work so far—except one thing. Benny insisted she and Betty wear a uniform when serving in the bar. It was very tight black skirts and skimpy tops. Hers was so tight and obviously too small, it rode up every time she pulled the pump to pour a pint of beer. She knew the men liked it. They took their eyes off the foaming drink and became riveted to her foaming breasts.

She slipped out of her clothes, tested the water under the shower and decided to chance it. Five minutes was enough.

Tomasina dried her body and wrapping a towel around her ample figure, she walked over to her bed. Then she heard a light tap at the door.

“Who is it?”

“It's me, Benny.”

Tomasina bit her lip. She liked the man. No, she thought, more than that, he was sexy. Not too tall, but a good body and beautiful eyes. Since she'd arrived at the motel, he'd not tried anything serious. Just a few mildly suggestive remarks and a pat on her butt when he got the opportunity. Was he on the prowl, trying his sexual luck? Did she welcome that?

She decided to open the door.

“Yes, Benny?”

“Hi, Tomasina. I thought you might like a late drink?”

She leaned on the frame of the half-opened door, watching him watching her. He tried to appear casual, but Benny's eyes couldn't stop flicking down her towel-clad body. Tomasina felt hungry, not thirsty, and the desire was for a full-bodied man, not an insipid wine. She also sensed his desire.

“Is that a corkscrew in your pocket, Benny, or are you pleased to see me?”

“You know how to tease with words, Tomasina.”

“What word?”

“Screw.”

Still the debate went on in her head. Tomasina knew if she let him in the door, he’d be in her.

“What wine is it?” she asked, to give herself more time to think.

He held up the bottle and showed her the label.

“The Longship brand,” he said innocuously.

Tomasina felt a thumping in her head. It ran around like a wild mare from the plains sensing the stallion approaching. The charge oscillated down her spine and exploded in her loins.

“Come in, Benny,” she purred. He got two steps in, turned and closed the door, and went to put the bottle on the dressing table. When he looked back, Tomasina had shed the towel, loosely holding it in one hand, and stood aggressively akimbo and proudly naked. She whirled the towel in the air, lassoing Benny around the neck and swung him down on the bed. The cat made a dive for a corner, sensing trouble ahead.

“Hey, Tomasina, what’s got into you?”

She wrenched the pins from her hair so the locks tumbled down her back, long auburn waves caressing to her rear. Laughing sexily, she ripped his shirt open and with eyes blazing, breathed quickly.

“What’s got in to me?” She repeated his question. “The Viking and then, you.”

Tugging at the rest of his clothes, she soon had Benny laid out naked on the bed. Taking his hands, she placed one on her breast and led the other over her mound and onto the folds of her sex.

The feel of his fingers accelerated her flow of juices. Tomasina wanted him—but not like this!

“Let’s wake up all eternity,” she laughed and pulled him up from the bed.

“What do you mean?”

“You’ll find out, Benny.”

Tomasina dragged him reluctantly, opened the door and urged him to follow.

“Shouldn’t we get dressed?” he gulped. Tomasina turned and took his face in her hands, kissed him hard, with her tongue deeply delving into his mouth. She stepped back.

“If you want sex, Benny, be adventurous.” She ran out toward the field next to the motel and looked back over her shoulder. Benny was following.

“Over there,” she hollered over the noise of the waves, now crashing against the sea defenses. Tomasina scampered up to an old tractor, climbed on and giggled loudly for Benny to join her.

“Sit down and drive this thing. It is yours, isn’t it?” she challenged.

Benny started the motor and the tractor moved off erratically over the field. Tomasina put her hand on his cock and played it like an old fashioned gear stick. Then she sat astride him, facing into his erection, wrapped her legs around him and screamed, “Ride ’em cowboy,” as his shaft slid into her.

“Where to?” he panted.

“Through the village,” she yelled in excitement.

“You must be mad, Tomasina.”

“Mad, bad and begging to be pleased.”

The old tractor veered fitfully out of the field and onto the lane leading to the village, its thumping, rickety motion giving Tomasina the ride of her life as she continued to straddle Benny. He couldn’t see where he was going with Tomasina’s body pressed against him. He knew this was lunacy, but his cock wanted the woman.

As they rode to the church and through the village, Tomasina whooped and yelled in a savage, abandoned way. Up at the general store, the lights came on in the rooms over the shop. A head stuck out and Silas Graham, the storekeeper, looked out. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head.

“What is it, Silas?” Mrs. Graham called from inside.

“Nothing, dear,” he muttered and thought saying a naked man and woman having sex on a runaway tractor might cause her heart problems; not to mention his wife restricting his visits to the pub!

Up and over the field behind the church, then the tractor collided with a tree, swerved down a slope and crashed onto the sand dunes. Tomasina and Benny rolled over onto the sand. She got up, saw an old rowing boat, picked up an oar and faced Benny.

“Okay, sex over, Benny. Now the Viking warrior is coming to smack your ass. With a cry of rapture, she raised the wooden oar and charged at Benny. He looked in amazement—then took fright.

As he ran headlong down the dunes, Tomasina in pursuit, she wielded the oar to clout his rear. Each time he yelped, she roared with laughter even more.

They reached the beach in front of the hotel. Benny clambered up the slope and crashed into the side door. He looked around. Tomasina was closing in. The wooden door gave and he fell in, shutting it tight, finding a lock just in time. She banged furiously with the oar and chuckled, “I’m coming to get you, Benny. When I do, I’m going to have sex with you until you beg me to stop.”

Her efforts to get in went on for ten minutes. Then silence. Benny decided to stay put.

Tomasina staggered back into her room, head aching and eyes rolling. She sat heavily on the bed and fought to find her breath.

“What the hell happened?” she muttered, then got up, went into the bathroom and splashed her face with water. Leaning forward over the sink, she looked at her naked body, splattered with mud and even on a cold night, wet with sweat.

Cursing Vincent with lightning and now becoming a berserker female Viking after thinking about those pictures. What was happening?

Tomasina took a quick shower, hurriedly packed her bag and left the motel. She drove north along the coast road, stopping after about an hour to sleep. Using her mobile phone, she made one call, asking Carol to look after her cat.

## Shop Hired

Dawn at Hunstanton. A sleepy seaside resort. Tomasina wiped the steamy inside of her car window and saw the first signs of life as a cafe stall holder along the promenade opened up for business. She would die for sausage and eggs. Pillaging Viking fashion was tiring.

*Don't joke about it*, she thought with a shudder, vaguely recalling her rampaging through Walcot, naked on a tractor with Benny, the hotel manager, running scared from her avaricious sexual appetite. *What the hell was happening?*

She got out of her car, stretched the aches away and went up to the stall.

“Can you do sausage and eggs?”

“Sorry, honey, I haven't got the grill going yet. What about a sandwich and tea?” he shrugged and spoke in a lugubrious manner. “Don't usually see pretty young ladies down here at this hour of the morning. My customers are the early workers stopping off for breakfast.”

“It's a long story,” she said.

“Life is one long, boring story,” he continued in the melancholic tone. “Cheese?”

“What?”

Cheese sandwich, honey?”

Oh, yes, thanks.”

“You look lost, young lady.”

“Suppose I am. Don't know of anyone looking for staff to work in a pub or something like that, do you?”

“Not really. Just a minute. What about shop work?”

“Might be. Is it anything to do with Vikings or lightning conductors?”

“Beg your pardon, honey?”

“Forget it. Another long story. So where is this shop?”

He handed a coffee to a regular customer who had just arrived, took the money, and turned back to Tomasina.

“Go along the promenade, turn in towards the town and then left again at the *Sea World Center*. Follow Angel Road all the way up to the end and you’ll see a clothes shop. Think it’s called *Apparent Apparel*.” Owner’s name is James Rickman. Nice guy.”

“Thanks,” Tomasina smiled, finished her sandwich, got back to her car and followed the directions.

The shop was not what she’d expected. And certainly not in staid, respectable Hunstanton. She parked the car and stood in front of the shop window. A face suddenly stared back. Tomasina jumped slightly, and smiled nervously, as if she’d been caught doing something wrong. Deciding nothing ventured, nothing gained, she went into the shop.

“Can I help you, or would you like to browse?” the man asked.

“No, I know what I want.” she tried to sound confident.

“So few do,” he grinned. She liked him. He was middle-aged, whatever that was. Probably early fifties, tall, well maintained, immaculately dressed and still a handsome face.

“Would you like to make your choice, or shall I help you?” he asked. Tomasina looked around the shop. It had everything you would want for a good night out, or an even better one in. Underwear in every color and shape. Not much of it in material sizes. Skimpy G-strings, lacey minimal bras, exotic bodices—just the sort of thing a high-class tart would need. Then there were the equipment racks. This must have been every citizens’ dream—or nightmare if they were members of the League for Moral Rectitude. Tomasina marveled at the whips, chains and handcuffs in more varieties than the city police could use—and all sorts of instruments, of which she could only guess at their use.

“I want a job. The guy down on the promenade café said you were hiring.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

The man puckered his lips. "Pity," he managed eventually after scrutinizing Tomasina for a long while.

"Why, have you taken someone on?"

Oh, no. It's a pity because you are so beautiful, I could imagine some man being very pleased to see you in one of these outfits." He waved his arm expansively around the shop racks.

"Thanks for the compliment. But do you have a job?"

"Now you come to ask—yes."

"And the answer—if you care to answer. Do I get the job?" she mocked his style. He grinned and walked toward her.

"Don't you want to ask what it is?"

"Is it legal?"

"Yes."

"Reasonably paid?"

"So, so."

"Does it involve Vikings?"

"Is that a joke?"

"Sorry," she sheepishly smirked. "Have I got the job?"

"You're hired," he grinned. "The name's James. Everyone calls me Jimmie. And you are?"

"Tomasina Jones."

"Well, Tomasina. As you haven't asked about the work, come back this evening and have dinner with me. I'll tell you all about it."

"Okay. I need to find somewhere to live."

As she left the shop, she turned and looked back at Jimmie. He was leaning by a rack running his elegant fingers over a particularly sexy bra and panty set.

\* \* \* \*

Tomasina found a cheap lodging house, had a stroll around town, and sat for most of the day watching the last of the holiday crowd enjoying a warm September day.

By eight o'clock, she got back to *Apparent Apparel*, rang the bell push on the side door and waited.

Feet sounded inside. The door opened and Jimmie Rickman smiled his infectious grin, waved a beckoning hand and greeted Tomasina.

“Dead on time. Come on up.”

She followed him up the stairs to the apartment over the shop. She imagined all sorts of décor for this sweet dude’s pad—she never guessed a luxury apartment with wonderful antiques. It said, *loads of money*.

“Dinner is ready,” Jimmie said.

“We’re eating in?”

“Is it a disappointment? I thought we could discuss the job better here in private.” He had a way of sounding both casual and correct, and naughty and nice, at the same time.

Tomasina watched him bring the plates to the table, pour the wine and had a quiet giggle when he politely held her chair as she sat down. *Manners and good looks*, she mused.

“Shall we eat and talk about the weather . . . or do you mind if we get straight to business?” he said, giving her that same wide-eyed innocent devil expression.

“Let’s eat and talk seriously,” Tomasina shrugged.

“How is the *Rogons de veau aux tomates*?”

“Is that what I’m eating?”

“You’re not a vegetarian, are you, Tomasina?”

“No, Jimmie, I like my meat.”

So do I.”

They nibbled the kidneys and bacon dish, their eyes going from their plate to each other.

“This job, Jimmie?”

“You will help in the shop. Our male customers like to be served by a pretty lady.” He made the word *serve* sound like caressing fingers on warm skin.

“Is that all, Jimmie?”

“I’d like you to help me compile my catalogue. Not too much marjoram or port in the dish, is there?”

“No, it’s beautifully cooked. This catalogue. What would I do?”

“Model some of the apparel—you are so gorgeous, Tomasina. More wine?”

“Yes, just a touch more.” This time, she let the *touch more* sound like a provocative invitation.

“Do you approve of the galette of potatoes, Tomasina?”

“The food is excellent, Jimmie. You were going to tell me about this catalogue.”

“I send it out to my more discerning and discreet customers who, let’s say, don’t like to be seen in a shop like mine. As soon as I saw you, my mind conjured up a picture of you wearing some of these creations.”

“Wearing isn’t the word I’d use for what I saw in the shop this morning. I’ve seen more material in a neck-tie.”

“It’s good pay...and delicious fun.”

“For whom?”

“Hopefully, for both of us, Tomasina.”

She looked down and cut into another slice of the succulent meal. As her fork reached her mouth, Jimmie licked his lips and raised his glass.

“So, do you want to try, Tomasina?”

“What do you want me to model?”

He put his glass down and leaned across to take her hand.

“The range of G-strings are very popular.”

“With the customers...or you?”

He chuckled at her humor. “Both, young lady.”

“Don’t tell me, let me guess. Who is going to take the pictures while I’m modeling these G-strings? Tell me if I’m getting close when I say the name begins with J?”

Jimmie didn’t answer. His smile said it all. Tomasina continued.

“And I assume when I’m wearing a G-string, that’s all I’ll have on?”

“It would look an odd picture if you were wearing an overcoat with it, my lady,” he smirked in a way that made her grin back. He was a handsome devil. Older men had a fascination. This one oozed intoxicating sensuality.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Okay, Jimmie. I’ll try it. When is the photo session?”

“After the shop shuts tomorrow evening. Is that okay with you?”

## **Celtic Flash**

Tomasina arrived at the shop early the next morning. It wasn't because she had become conscientious. Her room had been uninviting and claustrophobic. It was so small, even the mice were making applications to be rehoused.

*Apparent Apparel* was open. She went in and saw Jimmie by the main counter. He beamed and walked up to her.

"Very keen, are we, Tomasina? Let me introduce you to the other staff." He took her arm and led her to where two people were standing.

"This is Richie. He looks after the more discerning customers. This is Tomasina."

"Hi. I just know we are going to get on real fine...as long as you remember my favorites are MINE," Richie overenthused. Tomasina gave him an open smile, but reserved judgment.

Richie was tall and willowy. His skin had that yellow-brown color which could have come from the sun, but more than likely, came out of a bottle. It made him look a jaundice shade. He must have spent a considerable time selecting his outfit...then decided to throw caution and custom to the wind. Richie wore yellow tight pants, a flowery silk shirt, short leather brown cowboy boots and his hair looked as if it had been set in concrete—both texture and color.

"And this is Mitzi," Jimmie said, turning Tomasina's attention to a woman next to Richie.

When Tomasina had been at a railway station about five years ago coming back from a day in London, she'd got held up, and

bought a book entitled, *The Greatest Little Whorehouse*. In Mitzi, who was in her forties and as blonde as peroxide could make her, she had found the image of the madam in that novel.

“Do you have any special customers?” Tomasina got in first, having been previously politely warned—off by Richie.

“Oh yes, young lady. But don’t worry, if they’re mine, I’ll soon let you know,” Mitzi said, fluttering her large false eyelashes and causing a downdraft to lift a helicopter off the pad.

“So, I’ll let you all get to know each other, while I set up some equipment for later,” Jimmie said, rubbing his hands together and giving Tomasina a sweet peach of a smile. She took it the extra white teeth grin was a silent reference to the photo session.

The day drifted past, the customers ranged from the respectable to the fascinatingly outrageous. She sold a satin bodice with metal pointed bra cups to a lady of nearly seventy, a complete outfit for a slave girl to a shy man, who was obviously wearing a toupee, and assorted handcuffs to most people who said they were just browsing.

At six in the evening, Jimmie appeared for the first time since the early morning, and they all went about closing the shop. Richie and Mitzi put on their coats and the peroxide blonde said, “Want a drink at the local bar, Tomasina?”

“I’m staying on for a while,” Tomasina said and bit her lip. Mitzi gave her a knowing look and called out as she left, “Remember you’re on overtime now, Tomasina. Charge extra.”

The door shut and Jimmie bolted it.

“So, Tomasina, still up for the photo shoot?”

“Lead on, Jimmie.”

They went out the back of the shop, through the small kitchen where the staff made coffee and into a large, dark room. Against one wall, Tomasina noticed a long rack of clothes. Jimmie saw her looking.

“Outfits for hire,” he explained. “For people going to themed parties.”

“What’s the favorite?”

“At the moment, Roman centurions, Tomasina. Must be because of the latest movie out.”

She continued to thumb through the outfits, all the while surreptitiously watching Jimmie out of the corner of her eye. He fiddled about with flashlights on stands, adjusted reflector umbrellas and wound down a backdrop.

“Okay, ready?” he asked in a steady, confident voice.

Tomasina wandered over to where he was standing and took in all the photo equipment.

“Where shall we start, Jimmie?”

“The uniforms are a big seller. What about the maid’s outfit? Pick one off the rack and get changed behind that drape.”

As Tomasina slipped out of her clothes and into a very short white apron edged with lace, and a tight blouse, which was difficult to do up over her ample breasts, she listened to Jimmie on the other side of the drapes, whistling away as he busied himself around the studio.

She stepped out.

“Is this all right?”

“Very sexy,” he purred. “I can just see you as a Victorian maid serving your master.”

“Where shall I stand, Jimmie?”

“I’ve set up a small table in front of that blue wash backdrop. Just lean seductively...I’m sure you can do that.”

“Like this?” Tomasina asked, as she lounged against the table.

“More over the table than against it.”

“Is this okay, Jimmie? Do you like me over the table?”

He didn’t answer. She could tell by his smug male expression what was going through his mind. She angled her body this way and that as he instructed her in a series of shots.

“What about undoing the blouse, Tomasina?”

“Is that for the photo, or your entertainment?”

“Just a few buttons.”

The lights flashed, the camera clicked and Jimmie grinned even wider.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Now turn slightly and lean over again. You have a nice rear, Tomasina.”

“I’ve only got a G-string on. Thought I’d try one from the range.”

“Sounds perfect,” he drooled. She could almost hear his loins smoking into an arousal.

“Very good,” he said in a gravelly voice as if his throat was burning.

After a quick succession of shots, Tomasina stood up and said, “What now?”

“Why don’t we go for the Boudicca look?”

“What would that be, Jimmie?”

“Well, I have an illustration in this fantasy comic, Tomasina. I want to promote the look for the shop.” Jimmie picked up a magazine and walked over to Tomasina.

“See, good, isn’t it?”

“Who for?” Tomasina pouted.

“Could be a big line this year.”

“She isn’t wearing much. Was it a warm climate when the Celts were about?”

“She was a warrior queen.”

“All she’s got on is a tiny G-string.”

“She’s carrying a sword and spear, Tomasina.”

“Doesn’t hide her assets.”

“You have similar . . .”

“Breasts? Is that the word you’re looking for, Jimmie?”

“Well?”

“Do I get paid extra for this?”

“I’ll give you whatever you want, Tomasina.”

“I think it’s you who has the wants, Jimmie,” she said, and puckered her lips.

They stood looking at each other. She could tell by his eyes there was more than a photo session in his thoughts, but then Tomasina had to admit, even though he was fifty, she found him differently attractive than her usual fancies. She’d describe Jimmie

as well-kept, handsomely sophisticated and with a touch of classy elegant that turned her on.

“Any particular G-string? Or is the one I’ve got on okay? Don’t want to get you into trouble with the readers of this catalogue. I’m sure they are all experts on Celtic models,” she sarcastically said.

“What you’re wearing will be fine,” he said, and she noticed the slight beads of sweat on his forehead.

Tomasina went back to the front of colorama backdrop, gave Jimmie a saucy look and undid her blouse. She could sense his riveted stare as she stood with breasts out and barely covered loins.

“This look like Boudicca?” was her sassy remark.

“Here, take this spear, Tomasina.”

She held it in one hand and ran the palm of the other up the shaft, glancing at his reaction. As the bulge in his pants hardened, she grinned to let him know she was aware of his erection.

“How would you like me, Jimmie?” she teased.

“Look aggressive,” he managed to say with difficulty as the sight of Tomasina got to him.

“Do you think I make an outstanding Celtic queen?”

“Very outstanding,” he croaked, his throat going dry. “I think we need more authenticity,” he then added.

“Why, have you got a chariot in the shop?”

He smiled, acknowledging her feisty humor.

“What you need is a Roman to fight.”

“A lot of them in Hunstanton, is there?”

“No, but I’ve got an outfit...stay there.”

Tomasina stood leaning on her spear while Jimmie disappeared. A few minutes later, he arrived back again, clad in the short tunic and military dress of a Centurion.

*Fifty, maybe*, Tomasina thought, but that’s some well proportioned body. He went in close to her.

“I’ll trail a lead from the camera so I can trigger it with my foot.”

“Quite used to posing with your models, eh?”

He just smiled.

“You should be attacking me with your spear, Tomasina.”

“I’m more interested to know if you’re wearing anything under that tunic.”

“Keep your mind on the photo session. In history, the Roman officials ravished Boudicca and her daughters.”

“Couldn’t we make do with a spanking?” she giggled.

“That Imperial chastisement could be administered,” he grinned back.

“Promises, promises,” she teased.

Jimmie took hold of her hand, led her across the studio, kicked an upright dining chair into an empty space, sat down and patted his lap.

“Well, Boudicca, come and be punished by your Roman master.”

She pretended protest and held her hand up in mock defense. Jimmie grabbed her by the waist and pulled her over his knee.

“A fine Celtic ass,” he laughed. “I came, I saw, I spanked, as a good Caesar would say. Now, barbarian, take this for your insolence.”

Jimmie gave her rear a playful whack. Tomasina giggled and faked a struggle. He smacked her again, this time with more force. She trembled. She felt his cock raising under the tunic. Then an even harder whack.

Tomasina’s head spun. In her mind, the mist of time rolled back and she was in the land of the Icena. She was a noble queen being humiliated by a Roman. The warrior queen leapt up from his knee and rushed over to where the spear lay.

“Now, Roman dog, I will show you the way of the Celtic warrior queen.” He laughed, at first, then saw the blazing eyes and something told him this was not a game.

Trying to escape, Jimmie fell against the lights and went sprawling on the floor. Before he could get up, Tomasina leapt over the smashed equipment and stabbed the spear down through his tunic, grazing his thigh and pinning him down. She had also picked up a sword and brandished it over him.

“Now, Roman. Let’s see how hard you really are.” Her erotic laughter echoed around the room.

“Take that tunic and uniform off.” He momentarily lay still, then saw the movement of her sword arm.

“Okay, okay,” he said, holding up his hand to appease her. Jimmie slipped out of the upper breast plate and then undid the boots.

“Now the tunic,” Tomasina commanded. He tried to take it off. She became impatient and slashed the sword down, ripping the tunic. Then she stepped slightly back, pointed the spear at his throat and directed him to stand.

As he did so, the tunic fell away. Tomasina moved in, now switching the point of the sword to his stomach. Using the spear, she prodded gently at his cock.

“Has your Roman standard lost its pride?” she roared. He remained silent and half in terror at the transformation.

“Turn around, Centurion,” she ordered. “Now hands behind your back.” She grabbed the flex from the camera lead, bound his wrists and pushed him toward the table where she had posed.

“Now, my Roman enemy, you can lean over the table.” He complied and she held the blade of the sword across his throat. With a wild gesture of sensuality, Tomasina pulled her G-string off and stood rubbing her sex against his body. Still holding the sword, she climbed up and knelt over Jimmie.

“Come bold eagle bearer, this is how the Celtic queen discovers who is a true soldier.” Tomasina held his cock and worked him until he was stiff, then mounted Jimmie and sank down, taking his shaft up to his balls.

The ancient lust was upon her. Somewhere, the body of Tomasina Jones had found the spirit of past erotic times. She satiated her desires with James Rickman.

\* \* \* \*

When Richie and Mitzi opened up the shop in the morning, they were surprised the boss wasn’t around. After about ten minutes, they heard a noise coming from the room beyond the kitchen.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

What do you say when you see your boss tied up to a table, stark naked, his body dubbed with painted mystical signs and a spear sticking out of the wall?

Tomasina didn't arrive for work. She was, at that moment, motoring even farther up the coast and had past King's Lynn and was on her way to the old town of Boston in Lincolnshire.

## **Buyers Market**

Across the flat fenlands, the tall steeple of St. Botolph's church in Boston could be seen for miles, It was known locally as The Stump. Tomasina sat in her car and chewed her nails. Not because it was habitual. She had become worried about these sudden metamorphoses.

Vincent with the lightning, Benny and the naked romp on the tractor as a Viking, and now Jimmie. Poor man. Molesting a Roman Centurion must be a punishable offense. Tomasina shook her head and said quietly, "Take it seriously, girl."

The road into Boston followed the straight line of the great drain, a dyke dug hundreds of years ago when much of the fenland was marshy. The mist seemed to rise from the fields of sugarbeets surrounding the town and Tomasina started to give some thought to what she would do here.

Boston was a medium-sized town and as she parked by the church, she saw the open air market was beginning to come to life. Wandering among the stalls, Tomasina bought pears and cheese for her breakfast. She sat on a bench, watching the older housewives arrive first to get the best of the produce.

"Not buying anything?"

Tomasina turned. Behind her, a man stood at a stall, grinning at her. She thought about ignoring his banter. Men had caused her problems in the last few weeks. But then again, he was tempting, with his big brown puppy eyes, tousled red hair and delightfully muscular body.

"No money," she shrugged.

“Want to earn some?”

She gave him a quizzical look to convey the question of *how*?

“Don’t look so frightened. You look like a lady who can take care of herself.”

His candor appealed to her.

“What’s your proposition, mister?”

“Proposition! Sounds like I’m trying to chat you up.”

“Aren’t all men on the look out?” she grinned. “Surprised the Good Lord didn’t take away men’s ears—they never listen—and give you aeriels that indicate females in range.”

“I think we were given an aerial of sorts. Sort of stands up to alert men,” he smirked.

“Do you just want to indulge in sexy conversation, mister, or get to what you were going to say?”

“Want to help on the stall?”

“Doing what?”

“Selling my bric-a-brac.”

Tomasina finished munching a pear, got up and walked over to him, openly inspecting the goods on the stall, and more covertly, eyeing the man’s wares.

“Seems like more than the normal junk,” she whistled appreciatively, talking about the items on his stall, but thinking about his fine cut pants.

“Only the best. And I need someone classy to sell it.”

“Why can’t you do it?”

“Have to be out and about buying stock.” He looked at her intently. “Well, interested?”

She nodded.

“When do you want me?” she said, and they both suppressed a grin at the double entendre.

“Can you start now?”

“I really need to find a place to stay. I’ve only just arrived in town.”

“What’s your name?”

“Tomasina.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Well, lovely Tomasina. It’s your lucky day. Not only can I offer you a job...but a good bed.”

“Oh yeah. I’m not that easy, mister,” she said in a feisty retort.

“Hey, never meant to offend. It’s exclusive accommodations...just for one. I own a caravan over at a site in Skegness, ten miles from here. You’re welcome to use it until you sort yourself out.”

“Sorry, I thought...thanks...”

“Bladen. Bladen Kelly. And no thanks needed. Now, everything on the stall has got a price tag on it. If the customers want to haggle, go ahead. Everything is marked up one hundred percent, so you have a lot of leeway, Tomasina.”

She smiled and wondered how much leeway to give him. Bladen gave her a look that could stir unholy thoughts amongst novice nuns, then shimmered across the square, leaving the stall in Tomasina’s charge.

\* \* \* \*

At about six o’clock that evening, Bladen reappeared, the same cheeky grin on his handsome face.

“Had a good day, Tomasina?”

She pulled out the fist full of money notes from her pocket.

“Very impressive.” She handed him the money. He flicked through it casually, and handed her a bundle.

“For me?”

“For you.”

“Is this my daily wage, Bladen...or...”

“Or nothing, Tomasina. Anyway, the day’s not over.”

“Are we talking work?”

“Certainly, young lady. We’re off to buy some more stock.”

Ten minutes later, they were driving through the old part of town, down past the docks and onto what looked like an abandoned quayside.

“Funny place to do business,” Tomasina said as a joke. Bladen looked at her with an odd expression, then turned away as a man approached out of the shadows.

He wore dark navy, heavy clothes, much too warm for the evening. He walked as if still on board ship, swaying and rolling along. From his thin lips hung a cigarette and his eyes constantly darted around.

“Zis is a friend?” he muttered in an accent that didn’t have its birth in England.

“My associate,” Bladen replied. The man looked Tomasina up and down. It wasn’t the usual once-over she got from men. Those inspections were full of drooling and lust—this one was high on suspicion and contempt.

“Women are much trouble,” he managed.

She was going to defend her sex, but saw that Bladen’s eyes were telling her to hold her peace.

“Had a good trip?” Bladen addressed the man.

“Der zea is not a good lover. Much fog between here and...” he stopped and scrutinized Tomasina again. Then he went on. “But at leez the fog lets us play...how do you say...hide and zeek with...” Again a pause.

“What about the cargo?” Bladen asked.

“Every zing you asked,” the man in navy blue shrugged.

“Where?”

“In zat car over there. But first, zee money.”

Bladen got out a huge bundle of money and handed it to the man.

“Do you want to count it?” he asked with a nonchalant smile.

“If you cheat us, you soon lose zee throat,” he grinned for the first time. It wasn’t a smile of happiness. He threw keys at Bladen and with that, turned and walked away.

“Can you drive?” Bladen asked Tomasina. She nodded. “You take my car and follow me closely. I’ll take the car our friend has left.”

They drove in convoy out of the old docks, over the swing bridge and back to the town square. It was now dusk and the market had closed up. Across the small river, there was a Public House, where the evening crowd could be heard.

Parking the cars along by the church, Bladen said, "Shall we get a drink?"

They walked over the small bridge and stopped in the center to watch the river flowing by.

"Why do I get the impression that the deal down by the docks wasn't legal, Bladen? she asked.

"Just help me with the boxes, and I'll explain," he shrugged, adopting a boyish demeanor to try and disarm her disquiet. It worked. Bladen had a roguish but appealing face.

"Where to?" she asked, carrying a box from the car the strange man at the docks had left for Bladen.

"Up the tower of the church."

"Bladen, you must be joking."

"No. I have an arrangement with the minister," he chuckled. This time, she didn't believe him.

They struggled, journey after journey with the boxes, taking them to the top of the bell tower. On their final trip, they stood breathless and exhausted.

"Are you going to tell me what's in these?" she asked.

"Why do you want to know, Tomasina?"

"Because I'm now involved. Don't get me wrong, I'm no lover of the law. Just prefer to know."

"Okay. Cigarettes and wine. Satisfied?"

"Presumably imported without paying duty?" she said, sticking her tongue out to show an insolence.

"I like to bring pleasure to the locals without them having to pay their hard-earned money to the government."

"And Bladen makes out as well," she smirked.

"Look, come and see the lights right across Lincolnshire from up here, Tomasina."

"Changing the subject, are you?"

She strolled over to where he was standing at the thin slit window. The view, even in the dark was beautiful, with the flat landscape with trickling static lights of the dwellings and the moving illuminations of vehicles on the roads.

As Tomasina looked out, Bladen came up behind her and leaned gently against her to look over her shoulder. She could feel the solid contours of his body and the firmness of his loins pressing subtly into her rear.

“How do you get away with storing your ill-gotten gains up here, Bladen?”

“Seems a shame to waste all this space. So few in the congregation and no one comes up to the tower. All those bloody steps. So I thought, the minister is always saying we should be nearer to thee, my God. I took the sermon seriously and wandered up here one day.”

As he talked, his hands smoothly circled her waist. She got the feeling they hadn't settled for long around her midriff. The instinct was right. Fingers inched up to her breasts and cupped them, as his lips caressed her neck.

“Hey, I'm not duty free, mister,” she rebuked him gently.

“Shall I stop?”

“Not completely. Just make sure you get permission before entering port, Bladen.”

He turned her around and took her in his arms. The first kiss tenderly touched her lips. The second, moistened her mouth. The third, exploded in her head.

His body squashed her up against the wall and the slight movement of Bladen's hips told her he was hard and hot. It would have been easy to surrender. This time, Tomasina wanted to hold back.

Bladen's tongue sought inside her mouth and his hands roamed over her body. One last kiss and she eased his passion back.

“Let's get to know each other,” she said.

“I thought we were?”

“There'll be another time, Bladen.”

He took her hand and walked down the long flight of steps. She liked him. Tomasina liked him a lot.

As they got to the ground, a peel of bells tolled. Bladen looked up at the tower.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Strange, I thought the church was closed tonight. Wonder who is ringing them?”

Tomasina smiled, but hoped her mischievous spirits weren't still about.

## **The Bells, the Bells**

She slept fitfully in the caravan, so she woke early to get to the stall on time. Bladen wasn't there, but had given her a key to a lockup garage so she could collect items for the stall.

As she arranged them and chatted with the other stall holders, she noticed a police car stop in the corner of the market square. Cops made her nervous. They either brought bad news or bad luck. Two officers got out, one in a blue uniform, the other in a suit which looked like he'd slept in it and then got a demented laundry to try and wash the creases away. He was a big man—that was to be politically correct in speech. The guy was enormous.

They circled around the market, talking to everyone. People offered forced smiles as they chatted, then grimaced when the policemen went past.

Tomasina began to sweat as they got nearer. There was something evil in the way the huge plainclothes policeman eyed her. If he could study someone with such small, piggy eyes. Eventually, they got to her stall.

“Morning, Miss. Mr. Kelly about?”

Tomasina did a double take, looking under the stall in a sassy manner.

“Nope, not there,” she mockingly grinned.

“Very droll, Miss, I'm sure. Is he going to be here today?”

“Search me.”

He gave her a look that made her skin crawl. It conveyed, *I'd search you any day, baby.*

“I'm Detective Inspector Philby. And you are...”

“A friend of Mr. Kelly's.”

“Do you have a name?”

Of course.”

“This is a serious enquiry, Miss. I would be grateful if you'd cooperate.”

“Helen Brody,” she said, wondering why she'd made up the name and where in her head it came from.

“Well, pretty Miss Brody...or may I call you Helen?”

“No.”

His grin was sickly.

“We are trying to trace the whereabouts of a consignment of illegal wine and cigarettes.”

“Perhaps they've gone to a party, Inspector.”

“I could take you down to the station for questioning, Miss.”

Tomasina kept her mouth buttoned. The man gave her the creeps, but he could make trouble.

“So, Helen...”

She didn't correct him about using her first name. In fact, she forgot it was supposed to be hers.

“... You wouldn't know anything about contraband?”

“Are they a new wave garage group?”

“What?”

“Forget it,” she muttered, then added a sharp, “No.”

“Okay. But if you do remember anything, give me a call at this number.” Philby handed her a card. Then he got closer and whispered, “It's a direct private line to my office. I could overlook any minor matters for someone so pretty. I'm sure you would be grateful for that, wouldn't you, Helen?”

Hitting him wasn't an option. She decided on a frown.

He, and the uniform officer, walked away. She spat on the floor. Very unladylike, but Philby made her angry.

Lunchtime came and she was about to go over to the café on the corner and get a sandwich and coffee so she could stay by the stall and eat, when Mister Handsome Features turned up.

“Hi, Tomasina. Everything okay?” Bladen jauntily asked.

“Well, now you come to mention it—NO.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Had a tough morning, sweetie?”

“The police came looking for you—and don’t call me sweetie...or babe...or anything that isn’t my name.”

He leaned on the side of the stall. “What about a proper lunch?” He smiled, trying to calm her down.

She looked sulky and managed an ungracious, “Where?”

“Skegness by the sea.”

“What about the stall?”

“Sally?” he shouted over to the brunette at the adjacent stall, selling fruit and vegetables. “Look after the stall for a while, honey?”

“Sure, Bladen.”

He smiled at Tomasina. “Okay now?”

*Thinks he can charm all the women. Probably can as well.*

\* \* \* \*

Skegness was a typical British seaside resort. Wallowing in an illusion that it was still the golden days of family holidays in the 1960s. Way behind the times, candy stores, ice cream parlors, unpretentious and utterly captivating—if you liked that sort of thing. Tomasina always had.

“Any particular food?” he asked as they walked from the car, and along the promenade.

“Al fresco,” Tomasina laughed.

“Where?”

“Just there, Bladen.” She pointed to a take-out fish and chips bar. He frowned.

“Really,” she reassured him. “Get fish and chips for two, and we’ll walk along by the sea eating them.” Then Tomasina hugged his arm and said, “I’m an outdoor girl. Used to love riding a horse when I was a young girl. Had my first kiss in a meadow and guess what I lost in a haystack?”

“A needle?” he smirked.

“No,” she laughed back, “But it had something to do with a prick.”

They bought the fish and chips and giggled while they ate and strolled down to the Amusement Park, with its rides and slot machines.

“What about a whirl on the carousel, Tomasina?”

“It’s a bit tame, isn’t it?”

“Goes up and down as well as around and around,” he said with a suggestive grin.

They climbed up and Tomasina sat on a large wooden horse. “Think I’ll join you,” Bladen said and got on behind her. His body pushed close and she liked the feel of him nestling tight against her.

The synthetic Wurlitzer music played and off they went on the merry-go-round. All the horses rode up and down as Bladen put his arms around Tomasina. She liked the sensation. Even more, she found the feel of his hard loins irresistible. The lady closed her eyes and imagined this man moving rhythmically between her open legs as she pulled him in and felt the power of his cock taking her away.

“Are you two going around again?” The question came from the carousel owner.

Bladen lifted Tomasina down and they walked off, hand-in-hand. They spent the rest of the afternoon looking into each other’s eyes and finding the fun of the fair riveting—as people in love find anything fascinating.

By early evening, they got back to Boston. The stall had been closed up and a note left for Bladen instructing him where the remaining goods had been stored.

“I need to get some of the other stock from the bell tower,” he said and they climbed the stairs to the top.

“What are you going to do?” Tomasina asked.

Bladen moved to her and kissed her lips. She pulled away.

“I meant with this contraband, Bladen.”

“Your body feels like forbidden goods, Tomasina. Why don’t you let me smuggle into your port?”

He held her tight again and started to undo her blouse.

“Is this an old Boston custom?” she giggled, but didn’t resist. She felt his fingers playing with the clasp on her bra, wanting him to complete the test. He did. Hands explored her ample breasts

and Bladen pushed her blouse back so he could fully appreciate her magnificence.

“Are you going to let me make love to you, Tomasina?”

“On consecrated property?” she teased. He didn’t wait for further permission. Hands fumbled with the belt on her pants and without any struggle, he slipped them down and went to his knees in front of Tomasina.

She placed her hands on his shoulders and looked down to watch him wriggle her panties over her loins. His breathing became slow and deep. She felt fingers easing her legs apart and then his head went forward to lick over her mound. Tomasina surrendered her sex to him and smoldered to his touch.

When she knew he was aware of the moisture betraying her desire, she wanted him in her. Not this initial foreplay of fingers and tongue, but the hardness and length of his cock.

“Bladen, fuck me now.”

He stood up and unzipped his pants. One swift movement and his erection saluted to the lust in both their bodies. She took hold of his shaft and moved the hot, tense skin up and down. She sensed he was deciding how to take her.

Tomasina took the initiative. Moving to the side by the window, she turned and leaned forward against the thin slit window.

“Fuck me hard, Bladen, I’ll look out and admire the view of Boston while you approve of my sex,” she teased as she looked back over her shoulder at him.

One minute, his cock was just behind her, and the next, it was jolting stiffly into her vagina. His rocking and rolling had her breathing quickly with short trill cries coming faster. In a rave of ecstasy, they panting to a near climax. At the peak, the bell tolled, rung by an unseen hand.

The sudden noise stopped Bladen in his rigors. Tomasina stood up and her eyes flashed. Her hair was blazing as if invigorated by static electricity and her body tingled with sensuality.

Tomasina looked at Bladen with a wild hunger. Stripping away all her clothes, she approached him, naked and predatory. Sensing a

change in her nature, he stood frozen. Circling him, she leapt for the bell rope and swung toward him, scooping him off the ground and crying with the baying howls of desire.

They landed across the other side of the bell tower, falling in a tangled heap. Clawing at Bladen, she ripped his clothes to shreds, held him in a passionate kiss and then grabbed the bell rope, pushed him against a wooden beam and bound him to it. Her astonishing demented strength overpowered him and Bladen couldn't move.

With glowing eyes, she took his face in her hands and kissed him. Her loins wriggled frantically, working his cock back to an erection. Tomasina breathed hotly into his lips and curled her legs around Bladen. She maneuvered his shaft into her and shook her hips so his rod slipped along her vagina.

With a mighty lamentation, she took her satisfaction, unfurled herself from Bladen's body, picked up her clothes and ran into the night.

## **London Lights**

Where else could she run? North along the coast seemed the obvious place. Then Tomasina decided the best place to hide was London.

All through the night she'd driven down the M1 motorway, the image of Bladen still in her mind. Hell, she loved the guy. What had happened? This possession of her mind and soul haunted her. Then there were the police. She got the feeling they weren't going to forget her. How long would it be before Detective Inspector Philby discovered she wasn't Helen Brody?

The signs said, *End of Motorway*. She turned off, drove through the suburbs of North London at Hendon, down through Finchley and eventually onto a long road which announced itself as Baker Street. She drove slowly and wondered if there really was a 221B where Sherlock Holmes once lived. The mass of cars in the morning rush-hour didn't give her time to investigate.

Parking was a nightmare. Eventually, she found a spot in a pretty central London square—and couldn't believe what it cost. Walking along Berwick Street, Tomasina became mesmerized by the plethora of ethnic shops, cafés and adult entertainment places.

This was Soho. Her eyes went this way and that. There were shops selling porn videos, every type of sexual aid device and many small clubs offering lap dancers, topless waitresses and every conceivable theme to wet any jaded appetite—and moisten a few lonely loins.

But the only hunger Tomasina had was for food. Finding a little café, she bought coffee and a hot muffin with butter, settled in

a seat by the window to people watch, and tried to let her mind rest from all that had happened.

“Is this seat taken?” Tomasina looked up. The voice belonged to a man in his mid-thirties. His sleeked back hair and jazzy style of dressing gave the impression of someone trying to sell something—dishonestly. But not Bladen’s roguish good looks. This was an altogether sleazier character. The sort who tried to ooze charm and ended up giving out mistrust.

She stared around the café. There were plenty of empty tables. She smelled a come-on. Tomasina nodded with an unenthusiastic expression.

“You look as if you’re from out of town?”

Again, she shrugged a nonverbal answer.

He sat down and rested his elbows on the table. She noticed the dark, shifting eyes. The guy could have been handsome but he played to the gallery too much. The earring and watch looked expensive. He had money, or knew how to spend someone else’s.

“It’s a big place,” he smiled.

“What is?”

“London.”

“Sure is bigger than where I come from.”

“Where would that be, pretty lady?”

At least he didn’t say *babe*.

“From a place you’ve never heard of.”

The man stared quickly out the window as if he was deciding this line of attack wasn’t getting him anywhere. Then he switched to flattery.

“Well, if all the women from your part of the county are as beautiful as you, they’re welcome in London.”

Tomasina sipped her coffee to avoid answering.

“Reckon everyone needs someone to take care of them,” he said. She gave him a quizzical look to convey she didn’t really understand what he was talking about.

“Don’t mind me saying, but my radar tells me you’ve just landed. No job and nowhere to go. Right?”

“Maybe.”

“This could be your lucky day.”

*But not yours.*

“There’s lots of strangers in the big smoke. Many of them would pay handsomely for the company of a pretty lady.”

“Is that a fact?” she said sarcastically. It didn’t deter him.

“But you need someone to make sure you are treated right.”

“Do I get the feeling that could be you?”

“Hey, babe, you are a bright lady.”

*Another minus mark against him. Using babe in that casual way.*

“So, how would you like to earn lots of money?”

“Go on.” She sighed, realizing unless she let him get to the point, he’d pester her all day.

He leaned even closer. Whatever his aftershave was, it could overpower a school of whales. His eyes were the color of molten brown chocolate—very appealing on a soft centered special, but too innocent to believe on this smartass.

“I just arrange for lonely, rich men to be looked after when they’re in town. You know the sort of thing.”

“No! Remember, I’m from the country,” Tomasina played mock virtuousness.

“They want to take a pretty lady out to dinner and be nice to her.”

“And does that include me being nice to them?”

“Politeness doesn’t cost,” he grinned

She still kept the little Miss Shy-girl face on.

“So where is this big payday in that?”

He rubbed his chin and bit the side of his lip.

“That’s up to you...and how nice you are.”

“What about if I give them a pedicure? Is that being nice enough?”

His perpetual smile slipped a shade.

Tomasina pouted and said, “Or would a blow-job earn me more?”

“Now you’re getting it, lady.”

“I might be getting it, Mister, but those dirty old men ain’t,” she threw back at him in a feisty repose.

Eventually, he cottoned on to her sarcasm.

“Look, lady. You could be nice and enjoy or...”

“Or what?”

Tomasina looked up. The voice was deep, the man powerfully built, his hand rested on the shoulder of the guy sitting opposite her.

“Excuse me, is this gentleman annoying you?”

“He could be,” Tomasina said.

“Then, you, hop it before *could* gets out of hand.”

The hand lifted the guy sitting at the table up and patted him on the head. Within the time it took Tomasina to smile at her rescuer, the other guy was out of the café and down the street.

“Thanks,” Tomasina smiled.

“No problem.” He returned the grin and turned to go.

On an impulse, she called, “You didn’t give me a name to remember.”

“Larson Grimaldi.”

“Mine’s Tomasina Jones...and you don’t have to rush away.”

The face was full of wondrous wicked delight. The eyes had more sex appeal than a male voice choir with a mass erection. The body strong, yet conveying gentle understanding of a woman’s needs. Those lips were gorgeous. She realized he was smiling at her as she took in his maleness.

“Well?” she asked. His blue eyes flickered across her—and outside the window was a dark-haired sizzling siren staring at them.

“Oh, I see. You’re with someone. Sorry,” she apologized with an accepting shrug. Larson took her hand and said, “No, it’s not that. But we were going shopping. Do you want to come with us?”

“I’d be in the way, Larson.”

“No you wouldn’t. Christine will like you as well, I’m sure. Come along. We were going to buy some sexy and naughty toys and then go back to my apartment and try them out.”

### **Three for Fun**

From Soho, the three of them walked down to Piccadilly Circus, Christine and Tomasina on either side of Larson, all arm in arm.

“Did you know that statue of Eros was dedicated to Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by the grateful women of Britain?” Larson asked as they crossed the busy square.

“What were they grateful for?” Tomasina asked with a sly giggle in her voice.

“Think it was something to do with the noble lord’s work on child labor laws.”

“Oh, how disappointing,” Tomasina shrugged.

“Never mind,” Christine chimed in, “Perhaps later we can demonstrate to Larson how appreciative we are for the gifts I know he is going to buy us.”

Tomasina looked across at Christine, trying to gauge if that was an in-joke, or something more serious. The thought didn’t stay in her head. Trying to cross the road as the traffic whizzed around Eros needed her attention.

They zigzagged between the cars, buses and black taxis, eventually reaching Lower Regent Street.

“This is where the fun begins,” Christine bubbled and headed for the first swanky ladies clothes shop.

Two hours went by in a haze of silken threads and golden credit cards. The three of them exited at the far end of Regent Street, arms full of purchases, hailed a taxi and headed for Larson’s apartment in fashionable, and very expensive, Knightsbridge.

Tomasina sat in the back with Christine and Larson. While they talked animatedly, she looked out the window at the sites of London. She saw the up-market Harrods Department Store and many exclusive and chic boutiques along Brompton Road. Everywhere crowds were flaunting wealth and position. She tried not to gawk like a country cousin.

“Here we are,” Larson said as the taxi stopped. Up until now, it had been a great game. Now, Tomasina pondered if she should continue.

Something about her stance and eyes made Larson say, “Tomasina, you don’t have to come in. We both like you but if you want to go off somewhere else, that’s cool.” His expression gave her confidence. And she had to admit, his handsomeness was alluring.

“Okay,” Tomasina smiled at them both. Christine linked her arm in Tomasina’s again and they went into the building, up the escalator to the fifth floor and across a marble hall.

Inside, Tomasina wandered around, whistling appreciatively to herself.

“Like it?” Larson asked.

“What’s not to like?” Tomasina said with her eyes still taking in the white sofa, matching deep pile rugs, wall-sized screen at one side and very expensive pictures and ornaments discreetly placed around the rooms. The apartment didn’t shout it but quietly, with self-assurance, said—*I’m class*.

“So, who’s for fantasy time?” Larson announced. “Hey, Tomasina, you should see your face. Christine and I can start. If you just want to watch, that’s fine.” He took hold of Christine’s hand and led her through a door, which Tomasina assumed was a bedroom.

Convinced they were lovers, and at this moment were indulging in hot sweaty passion after an afternoon buying sexy toys and even sexier underwear, Tomasina curled up on the sofa, picked up the remote control for the TV and started to channel hop. After a few minutes of boredom with the normal inane chat and games

shows, she saw the DVD recorder was connected, so idly played with the buttons.

The gigantic screen, completely covering one wall, flickered from TV to a DVD already in the machine. Tomasina almost dropped the remote.

Before her paraded handsome men and pretty women, who after introducing themselves, did stripteases and openly displayed their obvious assets.

“Anyone you fancy?” Tomasina turned, feeling suddenly guilty she had intruded into the private recording. The sight was even more sensual than the scene just witnessed on the wide screen. Larson looked magnificent, dressed...well, dressed in very little.

His single item of clothing was a thong, which from the front, barely contained his visible masculinity. Either he had a massive erection, or if was he that big in a quiescent state, Tomasina’s mind boggled at the size of the man’s equipment. The rest of his outfit also fascinated her.

A chain led from a gold metal neck clamp, and was fastened around each ankle. In one hand, he held a cane and in the other, a small piece of material. By his side, the image continued in riotous sensuality.

Christine wore a skimpy leather G-string, a large grin and held a whip. If her grin was large, her breasts were enormous. Her dark hair, which she’d worn wound on top of her pretty head, was loose and flowing down her back.

“Before we start, we thought it would only be polite to see if you wanted to join in,” Larson said. Tomasina brought her attention up from the bulge in his thong and engaged his blue eyes.

“Join in what?” Tomasina managed.

“A game,” Christine smirked.

“Well, I worked out it wasn’t going to be a visit to the church,” Tomasina threw back in a mocking way. “Explain,” she added.

Larson came closer. Tomasina desperately struggled mentally to keep her gaze on his face.

“The Dare Devil Club,” he said, and turned to bring Christine over to be with them. *Bad mistake*, Tomasina thought. Or perhaps she meant good mistake. His naked ass, apart from a single center strand of the thong, gave her another shiver in her loins.

“Yes,” she said slowly, “But that doesn’t explain...it suggests.”

Larson sat on the arm of the sofa, a short stretch away from her almost uncontrollable fondling hand. Her lips were dry, her panties getting moist.

“We believe in expression of the soul and we achieve that by letting our sexual inquisitiveness have full play.”

*Playing*, her mind mumbled to her, as its hot wired sexual drive fought to take over.

“I can see I’ll need to put it in plain words,” Larson smiled. Christine waltzed over and sat on the sofa next to Tomasina. She felt like the filling between two sexually explosive pieces of warm bread.

“Our Dare Devil Club is for liberated people, Tomasina. We explore fantasies and experiment, safe in the knowledge that those participating are like-minded.”

“You mean sexually?” she asked with her head inclined. Larson nodded. Christine squeezed Tomasina’s arm.

“But there is a difference with the entry to our Club, Tomasina.” He grinned at her, conveying the spark between them when he used the word, *entry*.

“Keep talking, Larson.”

He rested his hands on his inner thighs. It was a provocative movement. But then the way she felt, reading through the telephone directory would have made her horny.

“For the beautiful people, like you, Tomasina, that honor us by joining the Club, we offer them a reward.”

This guy knew how to seduce with slow, measured words. She clutched her hands together, almost fearing the growing exhilaration between her legs would impel her fingers to lean over and touch Larson where the hardness was now fighting to be released. Her throat became so dry, she couldn’t utter a *go on!*

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Christine and I,” he began in his hazel and chocolate deep, crunchy voice, “Want to offer to become your slaves for the evening.”

“What does that mean?” Tomasina choked the words out.

“Whatever you want it to mean. We are yours. If you like what we have chosen to wear, that’s great. But if you want...” Larson’s words stopped. He knew she got the implications.

“Well?” Christine spoke and ran her finger down Tomasina’s thigh.

“When?”

“Now.”

“Where?”

“Here.”

“Anything?”

“Whatever.”

“Slaves?”

“Totally”

Larson offered his hand to Tomasina. She accepted and they all went into the room from which Christine and Larson had first emerged.

## **Whack My Ass**

Tomasina had supposed it was a bedroom. The room could only be described as a pleasure palace of desires. There was a huge double bed, complete with silk canopy and drapes, a leather couch equipped with attached chains, small wooden and upright chairs, and scattered everywhere, paraphernalia of sexual enjoyment. On a table down one wall were an array of whips, handcuffs, dildos, feather implements—her mind whirled as her imagination went into overdrive.

“Don’t rush, Tomasina. Have a good think about what you really want,” Larson said. “And, hey, we bought you this.” He handed her the material he’d been holding in his hand.

“What is it?”

“Anticipating you would be the Mistress, its something to wear. Tell us first your desires, and while we prepare the room, you can get changed.”

Tomasina was sure of only one thing. Expressed gently and delicately, and it meant she wanted Larson. Wanted him and his body. Put it bluntly, her vagina was hot, wet and dying to be shagged by this hunk. She had less defined ideas about the exotic Christine. Just then, that particular lady sidled up to Tomasina.

“Mind if I make a suggestion?” Tomasina nodded. Christine grinned and leaned nearer to whisper in his ear. “You get ready and I’ll prepare Larson for you. I can tell when another woman is aching for a guy.”

Tomasina stepped back to look Christine in the eye and her face asked, *how?*

“What about if I tie him down on the bed for you?” That was an image Tomasina couldn’t resist. She walked back into the lounge to get changed.

Five minutes later, she stared in the full length mirror of the room. She wore the outfit. It was a very short red tunic with woven gold threads and an attached top, open at the front so her breasts were exposed. As she turned to look at herself, she knew it was meant to thrill—and reveal. The tunic was so petite, if she leaned forward, her ass—and more—became a public display.

Five paces and she got to the door, ten seconds, and she opened it. While she’d been busy attiring herself, Larson and Christine had been industrious.

The grand bed had been pushed center stage. Spotlights arced down from the four corners to illuminate the occupants.

“Your slave, Larson, has been prepared,” Christine said as she stood at the side of the bed.

Tomasina gulped and felt her loins moisten her inner thighs. The blue-eyed hunk was stretched out, arms above his head and wrists secured with chains. His legs and ankles were similarly tethered. These were merely passing observations. Tomasina couldn’t believe—wanted to touch—his erection. It stood up massively. It was solid and noble like an obelisk—a thing of majesty to worship.

“Do you approve?” Christine asked, knowing from Tomasina’s face what the answer was. “He’s yours, Tomasina. Don’t hold back. Do you want me to stay?”

Tomasina didn’t look at Christine. The view reaching her brain and tickling her sex kept her mentally busy.

“Yes...no. Do you mind giving me a while, Christine?”

“Maybe more than a while,” Christine smirked and went over to Tomasina, kissed her forehead and let her hand affectionately stroke her breasts.

The door closed. Tomasina stood alone—apart from Larson and his shaft—and ten thousand erotic thoughts. It was like Christmas. Where did she start? Dive straight in and then find everything else an anti-climax? Or go slowly, trying the smaller

gifts first, but all the time longing to plunge in and consume that special present.

He looked up at Tomasina. She looked down at him—then sat by his prone body.

“Does your slave please you?” he asked.

“I’ll let you know,” she responded, and leaning over, kissed his lips.

“I’ll try that again,” she smirked, and the second kiss was longer, with more heat. Then for a third time, her lips met his—this time, with passion. It tasted good. Now she unleashed not just the fire, but also the brimstone.

“Decided yet?” Larson smiled.

“Keep quiet, slave, while I’m examining the goods.”

Now her hands felt his face, ran her fingers through his hair and kissed around his neck.

“Better,” she murmured, and continued south, caressing and touching his chest.

“Well?” he panted slightly.

“Silence,” Tomasina scolded.

Fingers tiptoed down his stomach and as her head slid over his chest, she heard the deep boom-boom of his heart. Hers pounded in unison. Her tongue licked his skin and dwelt on the tight muscles of his abdomen. There was no doubt where the journey would end—but the scenery just had to be admired enroute.

She brought her head up slightly so she wouldn’t be unaware of the throbbing, blood gorged, taut shaft, standing up as if someone was playing the national anthem. She knew it was saluting her, waiting to be possessed, arrogant in its power, strutting in obvious display.

The moment arrived. She ran her right index finger down Larson’s rod. It felt hot. Tomasina felt playful. Holding his shaft, she rubbed it gently and eased it over from its upright stance to lay it vertical. Then she released it. *Geez*, she thought, as it sprang back up like a bendy flag-pole. *It’s on super elastic.*

“Where do you hide this thing if you get an erection walking around, Larson? Haven’t seen something expand so much since the universe exploded into existence.”

“What are you going to do with me—or more exactly, my cock?”

“That’s for me to imagine and you to breathe heavily,” Tomasina smirked as she increased her hand massage.

The door opened and Christine sashayed in, carrying a long whippy cane.

“Is he cooperating?” she said.

Tomasina didn’t answer, still too absorbed in Larson’s hardness.

“Why don’t we punish him first?” Christine said, and swished the cane through the air. Without waiting for a reply, she undid Larson’s wrists and ankles and as he sat up slowly, Christine handed the cane to Tomasina.

“While you feel in the mood, discipline us both,” she cooed in a sexy voice. “Over you go, Larson,” she giggled the instructions, and they both knelt, side by side, on the bed, asses up, heads down.

“Okay, Tomasina, the pain first, then the pleasure . . . with both of us,” Christine said with a voice full of desire and anticipation.

Tomasina stood up and surveyed the double rear view. Her eyes felt disorientated and her head light, full of buzzing and noises. For some reason, all she could think of were naughty children and the need to subject them to her will. Even though she wore a sexy outfit, the picture in her head was of a severe Victorian school mistress, arm poised, sexuality repressed and the desire to punish, the need to bend these people to her will.

The first whack met with a moan and a squeal. Then her beating got harder. Now, it was frenetic. Christine was the first to react against the game she thought it to be.

“Hey, Tomasina, slow down.” Miss Jones didn’t stay her swings. Now, Larson’s rear was red and stroked with straight marks.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Cut it out, Tomasina!” he protested. She had no intention of letting them off lightly. This was her classroom, and they would obey.

It took ten minutes of her chasing them around the apartment, administering hefty whacks, for them to decide the only escape was to rush for the outside door and flee. What the people in the street thought, Tomasina never knew. She sat on the sofa, holding her head, trying to shake sense back in. *Where was she? What was happening?*

“Not again,” she moaned, got dressed, and ran out into the evening air.

## **Conveyer To Lust**

Where should she go? In the end, Tomasina headed south out of London, over the River Thames, through the suburbs and down a road called the A20. She nearly crashed once, she was so occupied with this spirit of sexual devilment that had taken her mind over. Wondering what had happened to Larson and Christine when they fled the apartment in a naked state, she pulled into a slip road and saw a sign to Sydenham.

It was a drab little high street on the very outskirts of the great metropolis, fifteen miles from the center of London. Surely, this would be a boring place where sexual excitement wouldn't be offered. She needed time to try and work this out without further temptation and situations where her mind became possessed.

This time, she determined to take control. No casual offers from handsome strangers. She'd go to the local employment agency and see what respectable, monotonous jobs were available. So for a few hours, she slept in her car, and as soon as the light filtered through the early mist and shed shallow light in this dismal place, she stopped at the bus garage, asked for directions, and drove to the offices of the employment agency.

The gray two story building looked as if it had been designed by a disgruntled architect and constructed by his demented brother. Square, with particularly ugly air-conditioning units stuck on the flat roof like a couple of cardboard boxes, the building was about as inviting as a police station in Stalinist Russia. And once inside, the receptionist appeared and spoke as if she'd been part of the Secret Police.

“We’ve only just opened,” the thin, pinch-cheeked woman assaulted Tomasina with her total lack of friendly greeting.

“But you are open?”

“Just.”

“Okay, I’ll come in,” Tomasina said, standing her ground against the antagonism of the woman.

“Anyway, what do you want?”

Tomasina thought it a ridiculous question. Why would she go to an employment agency? For a meal? For free sex? Certainly not for civilities.

“I’m looking for a job.”

“Take a ticket and wait for your number to be called.”

“Oh, I thought I’d be first.”

“You are.”

“Then why do I need a ticket?”

“That’s the system.”

Obviously, the bureaucratic nation was alive and living in Sydenham. Tomasina decided to stow any lip and went through to a huge room. Chairs were arranged in regimented lines and they faced six glass fronted interviewing areas. Behind them sat six clones of Miss Charisma Bypass, whom Tomasina had confronted in reception.

She sat, alone, in the space for the have-nots and there sat the six witches of the employment agency, all busy tapping into computers and not the slightest bit interested in the human beings who came here for help.

A plain wooden clock ticked the minutes, then the half hour away. Finally, witch number three looked up, unplugged her brains from the system and called in a deadpan voice, “Next.”

Tomasina sat in front of her. The reinforced glass panel and microphone reminded her of prison visiting time.

“Name?”

“Tomasina Jones”

“Address?”

Tomasina thought about this. Her impression was, any complications like being homeless and her chance of a job would be gone.

“27 Barrington Court,” she snapped back with confidence. Twenty-seven was the minutes past the hour on the clock and Barrington had been the name of her teacher at School. For all the interest taken, she could have said Buckingham Palace.

“Any experience?”

“Well, I worked in a public house and have done shop work,” Tomasina said.

“None, then,” Po face said and typed it into her computer. Still looking at the flickering idiot screen, she pronounced, “It says here that we only have one suitable match for you.”

“Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity, then?” Tomasina couldn’t resist the sarcasm. Po face didn’t react. *Perhaps she hasn’t been booted-up this morning*, Tomasina wondered.

“What is it?”

“It, Miss Jones, is a job.” Po face was getting tetchy.

“Any details?”

“It is an excellent opportunity.”

“Opportunity always looks better going than coming.”

“Miss Jones, if you don’t want to work, please stop wasting my time.”

If the glass hadn’t been there, Po face would have got a Tomasina left uppercut. As it was, needs must.

“Okay, I’ll try it.”

“This is the address.” She handed Tomasina an envelope. “It’s for an assistant quality controller of export production.”

“The title sounds better than the pay,” Tomasina coughed as she opened the envelope and studied the details. Po face said nothing. She was back in the world of her reality—which was communicating with a computer somewhere in the Big Brother world of Government.

As Tomasina left the employment agency, the large lady in reception gave her a winning smile, last seen on a gater in Florida.

“Can I give you a piece of homely wisdom, lady?” Tomasina asked with a mock serious and benign expression. “Thou shalt not weigh more than thy refrigerator.”

\* \* \* \*

It took Tomasina thirty minutes to find *Hungry-House*, a complex of shabby factory buildings just beyond Sydenham in an even drabber place called Penge. She made her way into an office. A thin man, wearing a white overall and a hangdog expression, came up to her.

“May I help you?” he said with about as much interest as a dung beetle with constipation.

“I’m here about a job.”

“Which one, darling?”

“An assistant quality controller of export production.”

He gave what passed for a grin at a cadavers meeting. “Oh, you mean packing filler. Follow me.”

They walked from the office, across the yard and into one of the dilapidated buildings. There were two moving conveyor lines, with individual items dropping from boxes and then, at certain points, separating out into at least twenty other smaller conveyors. At the far end of each sat a woman, white overall and white cap, completely covering their hair.

“See down the end.” He pointed. “You sit down there, and the items are fed from the order processing. A line of boxes is stacked next to you. You’ll see a package number. That ties up with the consignment. Fill the box with the order quota, and push it onto the next conveyor.”

“What then?”

“Nothing for you, darling. The box goes down the line to be sealed and closed. You just get on with the next package.”

“What about this quality and export business?”

“Simple. If the items look broken, throw them out.”

“And the export?” Tomasina asked.

“We send them overseas.”

“When do I start?”

“Now, darling.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“What about training?”

“What’s to know? If we could get the bloody machine to do it, you lot wouldn’t be here.” He grinned his humorless smile and walked away.

Tomasina stood staring around. A woman in a large blue overall appeared.

“You Miss Jones?”

“Yes.”

“The employment agency phoned to say you were on your way. I’m Sadie. Factory supervisor.”

“Tomasina.”

“Bit of a posh mouthful. We’ll probably call you Tommie. Now go and get your overall and hat from over there, and let’s get going. We’re on a bonus system. Pack over the set target and we all get extra,” Sadie said, then held Tomasina by the elbow momentarily and talking above the din of the squeaking conveyor belts and loud music, she added with a wink. “You’re a pretty one. If the boss, Mr. Gelpman, comes around, make sure he don’t get extra—if you know what I mean.”

Tomasina hadn’t got a clue. She collected her uniform, put it on and strolled to the vacant seat at the end of the line. The young woman next to her grinned a greeting, pointed to a box and mouthed above the noise for Tomasina to start packing.

As the items arrived, she couldn’t believe it.

## **Toys For Fun**

The first consignments to arrive were bizarre. As the morning went on, although becoming more acclimatized to the products, Tomasina remained fascinated.

She sat in a semi-trance, picking up the products, putting them in boxes and moving on to the next. It was so intriguing, Tomasina sat muttering to herself as the unbelievable items came down the conveyor.

“Chocolate penises—round cakes of marzipan shaped as breasts—nipple candy—sugar lips—dildos of rubber, plastic and fudge—erotic ornaments—hand toys—electrical and battery sex aids—rings to pierce and clip anything and everything—posing pouches—see-through panties and bras—gold plated manacles—‘his’ and ‘her’ lubricating cream—lotions and potions—whips and tickling sticks—feet fetish shoes.”

Talking to yourself?” Tomasina looked around, and missed a gift pack of three blindfolded penises with a caption reading, ‘See no sex, hear no sex and speak no sex’.

The voice belonged to a man in his early forties, with shining black hair and a sort of standing arrogance rarely seen beyond an alpha male silverback gorilla. He looked like he could strut sitting down. The guy leaned over, pressed a switch and the conveyor belt halted.

“You’re new, aren’t you?” he asked.

“Sure am.”

“We don’t want to work you into the ground, do we? Take a break and let’s grab a coffee.”

“Don’t think the boss would like that.”

“I am the boss. Albright Gelpman’s the name. But my friends call me Al.”

*Certainly couldn’t call you bright.* But if he was the boss, then she’d better be outwardly polite.

The canteen wasn’t what Gelpman had in mind. He led Tomasina through the factory to an office at the far corner.

“Have a seat,” he said unctuously. She wondered where he meant. The office consisted of a huge status symbol desk, which she worked out was a phallic symbol, an equally massive black swivel chair—obviously for him, and a long sofa against one wall—this being, she calculated, the casting couch. Her options were limited, so she decided to perch on the edge of the desk. Perhaps if it was a penile icon, it would give him a vicarious thrill to have her rest her butt on it.

“How do you take your coffee?” Before she could answer, he put in a smart-ass remark. “Don’t tell me. You like it hot and strong.”

He gave her the coffee and settled his pretentious self in the chair, swinging from side to side. Tomasina felt like telling him to *go swivel*.

“So, I see from the records your name is Tomasina.”

“Always has been,” she gave back.

“Very pretty lady. And some body...if you don’t mind me saying?”

She did, but just smiled faintly, wished the coffee wasn’t so hot so she could finish it and get out.

“What’s a lovely lady like you doing in...”

“A dump like this?” She couldn’t retain the sassy answer.

“It’s not that bad, Tomasina. Anyway, if you were nice to me, life could be much more comfortable.”

“Thanks, Mr. Gelpman...”

“Al, please!”

“Yeh, thanks, Al, but I must get back to work.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Very commendable. Why don’t we continue getting to know each other this evening? I can pick you up later. Where are you living?”

Tomasina froze. *Where the fuck am I living? No more than the price of a few gallons of gasoline in my purse and nowhere to live.*

“Tomasina?”

“Oh, yes, I’ve only just moved into the area. I’m at a hostel at the moment. They don’t allow men in there.”

“I wasn’t thinking of...talking...there. I had in mind a posh restaurant and...”

*Yes, I can guess what.*

“Okay, I’m not sure of the address. Give me your phone number and I’ll ring you about eight this evening, Al.”

He handed her his business card, added his private phone number and as he gave it to her, let his hand give her ass a pat.

Tomasina hurried back to her work station, wondering what to do about the slimy boss and where the hell she was going to sleep tonight. One thing was sure. It wouldn’t be in Albright’s bed!

## **Wild About The Factory**

The day went by. Tomasina was fed up of seeing chocolate cocks and yummy breast shaped cakes. She preferred the real thing. As everyone changed out of their overalls, she had a sudden inspired thought. Knowing her mind recently, it was probably a bad idea...but the only one she had.

Pretending to have trouble undoing her hat, she waited until the staff room was empty, looked around, then ran to the restroom, went in and hid in a cubicle.

Time went by so slowly...she almost sang the song in her head, but only got to, *and time can mean so much. What came after?*

The room had become dark. She looked at her watch in the pale light of the moon. *Ten o'clock. It must be safe now?* She crept out, went into the factory and carefully walked through to Gelpman's office. It was unlocked. Perhaps her luck had changed.

The large sofa would have to be her bed for the night. She decided sleeping in her clothes wouldn't be a good idea. They'd look too crumpled in the morning. Slipping out of her skirt and blouse, she put the gas fire on, as it was getting cold in just her bra and panties. Tomasina put her head down and realized she hadn't slept for forty-eight hours.

\* \* \* \*

The man kept chasing her. Tomasina was saying no, but could he hear?

"Go away, go away." She struggled to make the words leave her mouth. In the hazy shadow of a dream, she oscillated between reality and this nightmare.

Tomasina shivered. Slowly, she awoke from the slumber. Then she felt a hand on her breast. What was happening?

“Good evening, Tomasina.” It was the oily voice of Albright Gelpman. Consciousness slowly gained ascendancy in her muddled brain. Where was she? In the office at the factory. She realized that now. The boss sat on the sofa next to her, his hand inside her bra.

Tomasina sat up.

“Get off me.” She pushed him away.

He didn’t move. “You are using my office as a doss-house, Tomasina. The least you can do is pay me rent in kind.”

Again, she pushed his hand away. Still, he went on mauling her.

“That’s it!” she bawled and poked a finger in his eye.

“You bitch,” he yelped and staggered around the room. Tomasina got up, but he recovered and came toward her, now both angry and sensually aroused.

She made a bolt for the door and ran across the factory, hotly pursued by Albright. Perhaps he had better night vision, or maybe he knew the factory layout in the dark. Whatever the reason, he trapped her in a corner between two conveyor belts. He closed in menacingly. Picking up a piece of string left over from packing the boxes, he grinned and his voice was low and excited.

“So you want to play games, do you, Tomasina? I’m up for a struggle, if you want. But when I’ve hogtied you, I’ll be discovering more than those delicious breasts.”

“Stay back, Albright. And how the bloody hell did you know I was in the factory?”

“Simple, sweet Tomasina. I drove past and there was your car, still in the lot. So I put two and two together and realized the exquisite body of my newest employee was available.”

Gelpman looked at her lasciviously. There was no escape for Tomasina. He grabbed out and they wrestled to the floor. He pinned her down and his hands were ripping at her panties.

“Come on, you whore. You’ve used my sofa...now pay the rent,” he roared hideously.

Tomasina felt him pawing her body. A song filtered into her head. It was the wild strains of the Can-Can. *So, I'm a whore, am I?*

Her eyes became demonic. Possessed of fiendish strength, Tomasina rolled Albright over, used the string to bind his wrists and ankles and with a cry of triumph, threw him down on a conveyor belt.

He stared up at her in consternation.

"Tomasina, let me go, I never meant..."

"Shut it, Albright," she said with foaming mouth. Looking around, she picked up a large breast shaped cake and shoved it into his mouth.

"Now, suck on that as you like tits so much."

Watching him the whole time, Tomasina wildly filled a box with an assortment of the products, went back over to him and pushed another cake down the front of his pants. Giggling, she went back into the office, got dressed and went out into the car lot to load the stolen goodies into her vehicle.

Then with a wicked grin, she went back to Albright.

"Wanted to ride me sexually, did you?"

He muttered through the cake. She turned him over, pulled down his pants and shorts, gave his bare rear a good whack...then rammed a chocolate penis up his ass.

"Okay, Albright, off you go." Tomasina pressed the starter button and watched Albright go around and around the conveyors. He'd still be there in the morning when the female staff arrived.

## **Philby Returns**

Miss Tomasina Jones had no idea where she was driving. The custody of her mind took a while to return to the real lady, and by that time, she'd cleared London and was heading north.

All the time, she kept going over and over the happenings. Reason didn't explain. Understanding was far away. By the time the sun rose to the right of her across the Wolds of Lincolnshire, she had arrived at a small and pretty market town. Horncastle looked refined and wasn't prepared for Tomasina Jones.

The aroma from a nearby early morning café sent Tomasina's stomach rumbling. She got out of the car and walking over toward it, noticed a local map on the side of a building. To her surprise, she had driven to a location only twenty-five miles from Boston. Her heart sighed. In all these adventures, she remembered Bladen. *I wonder what he's doing now?*

She went into the café. The smell almost overpowered her sense of hunger.

"Yes, Miss?" The owner was a good-looking guy in a cheeky sort of way. She looked in her purse.

"Just tea and toast, please."

"You look famished. Why not try our big breakfast?"

"Okay, then," Tomasina returned his saucy grin.

He was right. She was starving. Ten minutes after finishing the meal, she walked up to the owner and said, "It's a bit quiet in here."

"Plenty of people, Miss, but they're just drinking tea."

"What you want is something to liven them up."

“Like what?”

“Give me a minute,” Tomasina winked.

She went to her car, rummaged in her bag, went back to the café, walked through to the back with a naughty wave to the owner and said, “Give me a moment and I’ll show you how to get business.”

He stared back. But she was an attractive lady, so he let the situation develop.

In just under five minutes, Tomasina made an appearance. She wore black stockings and a very—wow, look at those thighs—skirt, and a skimpy top that revealed a bare midriff and shapely breasts.

Tomasina picked up a menu and walked down the café aisle wiggling her rear. The place held its collective breath. Approaching two guys in the far end of the café, she leaned on their table, making sure they got a view of her cleavage with the tea and simpered, “Two big strong men like you surely want more than tea to keep you going all day.” Simple words. Sensually delivered. The order was given. Two big breakfasts were ordered.

She paraded around the café, shaking, rattling and rolling everything she’d got. Within ten minutes, the owner was run off his feet, cooking and bringing extra of everything.

After an hour, Tomasina went up to him during a slight pause and huskily said, “Do you reckon that will pay for my meal?”

“Lady, that would pay for the food for the entire seventh fleet!”

“Then we’re quits?”

“Hey, don’t go. Stay and earn some money. And perhaps later, we could go for a drink.”

She gave him a quick kiss and smiled.

“You’re a real sweetie. I may have to take you up on the offer if things don’t work out.”

Tomasina went into the back of the café, got changed into her ordinary clothes and sashayed back out front. As she left the café, all the men stood up cheering and whistling.

\* \* \* \*

*So what am I going to do?*

Tomasina came down from the high. Entertaining in the café was great, but reality stared at her. She looked in a shop window selling men's clothes. One of the manikins reminded her of Bladen. Why the hell had she flipped in the Bell Tower and become demented with lust? Now she'd never see him again.

Then an idea struck her. Bladen was a market trader. She had some unusual goods in the back of her car. Put them together and money could result.

A little while later, Tomasina had found a couple of large boxes, set them out like a table, spread the erotic wares out and waited along the high street. At first, the passing folk of Horncastle ignored her. Then she tried a bit of verbal promotion.

"Get your unique gifts today while stocks last. This offer won't be repeated," she shouted. At least this got attention. Slowly, the quiet and reserved folk of Horncastle began to dally as they walked along.

A little old lady out walking her pooch smiled at Tomasina as she inspected the goods.

"Is this any good for my sister?" the lady asked as she held up a chocolate penis.

"I think she'd love it, lady," Tomasina said, trying not to smirk.

"What is it, my dear?"

Tomasina wondered what to say. "Dream confectionary," she decided

"Glenda—that's my sister—is such an upright member of the community. I have to be careful what I buy her."

"Couldn't get anything much more upright, lady."

"It does look different, Miss."

"You buy it for your sister, lady. Then suck it and see, eh?"

“Yes, it might be just what she wants. Should she keep it in the fridge?”

“Even better, lady. It will be as stiff as a walrus’ nuts.”

“A what, Miss?”

“Never mind, lady. Just enjoy.”

The old lady popped the chocolate penis into her bag and then picked up a vibrator.

“Batteries included,” Tomasina put in.

“Can I tune it in to get the local radio?”

“Tune it in, put it in. Does anything you like, lady. It will bring back the excitement to your evenings.”

“I’ve never seen a radio that shape before!”

“Oh, this is new from Japan. Has a built-in self erecting mast.”

“Will I need earplugs?”

“Earplugs, lady! Turn this on, and you’ll get all sorts of noises in your head—and everywhere else.”

The little old lady strolled off with her pooch, happy and contented.

The rest of the day went just as well and by five o’clock, Tomasina had sold nearly everything. She was bending down to pack up the few remaining items. A voice asked, “Had a good day?”

Without looking up, she muttered, “Yep, very good, but I’ve got a few things left, if you are...” She stopped. That voice was familiar. Tomasina got up.

“Oh geez, Detective Inspector Philby!”

“I’m flattered you remembered, Helen.”

Tomasina wondered who the hell he was talking about. Then she remembered the name. Helen Brody.

“Back in my territory, are you, pretty lady?”

“Just making a living.”

“Do you have a license to sell goods on the street?”

“Didn’t know I needed one.”

He licked his fat lips and gave her a grimace more oily than a car sump.

“I think you better accompany me to the police station, Helen. I think we need to establish one or two things.”

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

“Is that necessary?”

“Can you think of anything you could do that might persuade me to turn a blind eye to your criminal activities?” he leered.

She looked at the objectionable policeman, and said a definite, “No, nothing.”

## **Judge For Yourself**

Tomasina was processed through the police station by a duty sergeant and then led down to a cell. She wondered if she should have continued with the charade by using the name Helen Brody. When they found out it was false, that was one more crime to add to the list.

The greasy Detective Inspector Philby had read her the charges. Illegally trading on the streets. Selling stolen goods and criminal damages. It wasn't made clear who had brought the last charge against her. Could be a number of people as she'd caused mayhem across the eastern part of England.

The clanking clatter of key in lock sounded. The door swung open. A policewoman came in, followed by the ugly Christmas turkey—Detective Philby.

“That will be okay, Constable Bleshman. Leave me with the prisoner,” Philby said to the woman. There was an ominous shutting of the door, with Philby and Tomasina left alone on the inside.

He sat down next to her on the bench seat fixed to the wall.

“Well, Miss Brody...or should that be Miss Jones...or Mrs. Kettleborough?”

Tomasina looked at the policeman.

“I'd prefer Jones.”

“That's fine by me...Tomasina. Let's hope the court takes pity on you.”

“It's easier to get a pardon than get permission in this society,” she shrugged.

“Very clever I’m sure, Miss.” He rubbed his hands. It reminded Tomasina of an obsequious walrus.

“This is a fine kettle of fish,” he started. She’d always thought it a banal cliché.

“What are we...or more like you...going to do to mitigate the seriousness of the situation?”

She slid up the bench away from him.

“If you think I’m going to do a turn for you, Mister, you’d better lock me up and throw away the key.”

He stood up, half bluster, half blubber, and banged on the door. As the key was turned, he stared at Tomasina and said in a soft voice, “Prison isn’t anything to laugh about. It will soon sort out your sassy ways. See you in court in the morning.”

\* \* \* \*

The cell had been freezing, the greeting from the duty officer frosty and the breakfast cold. Tomasina tried to smarten herself up. There was no mirror—that would have been considered a weapon!

She tried to eat, gave up and pushed the metal plate away. The grill spy-hole opened and part of a face appeared.

“Ready for the judge?” it asked.

*Do I have an option?*

She followed the police officer through the corridor, past other locked doors, up a narrow, circular stone staircase and to her surprise, came out directly into the dock. Facing her were the court officials. Before her brain could function, the usher stood up and said in a falsetto voice, “All rise for his honor, Judge Richard.”

People shuffled to their feet. The tall figure in white wig and robes swept into the court. He quickly took his seat on the central raised dais and read meticulously through his notes, not once taking any cognizance of anything or anyone else.

The usher waited respectfully, then coughed and read out loud, “Tomasina Kettleborough, also known as Tomasina Jones and an alias of Helen Brody, you are...”

“Wait.” It was the judge interrupting. He still didn’t look up, but went on, “What exactly does the defendant wish to be called?”

The usher looked at Tomasina. She took a while to realize she was being requested to speak.

“Tomasina Jones,” she eventually answered.

“Continue,” Judge Richard instructed.

The usher coughed and went on, “. . . The defendant is accused of trading on the public highways contrary to ordinances, and further, receiving and selling stolen goods, and further, aggravated larceny of said property.”

“Dear, oh dear, oh dear,” the judge tutted. He scribbled furiously. “How do you pleeeeeee. . . .” he looked up and stopped. “Are you Tomasina Jones?”

“Yes. . .” Tomasina had no idea what to call the man.

“Usher,” Judge Richard called. “Is this young lady represented?”

“No, your honor.”

“Has she been told her rights?”

“No, your honor.”

“Court will be in recess for. . . for a while,” he announced, and left the room.

The policeman led Tomasina down from the dock—but not back to the cell. Five minutes later, she was marched into Judge Richard’s private chambers.

Tomasina looked at him closely. He was a man in his mid-forties, swept back black hair with gray flecks at the temples, deep blue eyes, tall and with what she would have called a very distinguished face.

He looked up. “Thank you, officer, I don’t think this young. . . defendant will cause any problems. . . will you, Toma. . . Miss Jones?”

She shook her head. The officer left the room.

The judge leaned back in his leather chair, folding his arms behind his head and putting one foot on the desk. It was a confident attitude, owing more to a movie pose than judicial procedure.

“Well, Tomasina. . . if I may call you that? . . . perhaps someone should have told you about your rights.”

“Do I have any, Judge?”

He got up out of his relaxed posture and sat on the edge of the desk, picking up a pencil and tapping out a rhythm. It wasn't something you could sing to, but Tomasina could have danced a fair rumba to the beat. She resisted the temptation.

"Let's be slightly less formal, Tomasina. There's no need to call me Judge."

"What would you suggest?"

"My name is Richard."

"Yes, I know, Judge Richard."

"No, you misunderstand. It's Richard Richard."

"Oh, I see. So I call you Richard?"

"Or Dick," he smiled.

*Dick Dick*, she mused to herself, almost giggling.

"That's fine, Tomasina. Now where were we? Yes, your rights." He got up and walked to Tomasina.

"This is a very serious matter."

"Yes, I realize that... Judge."

"It's Dick."

"What is... oh sorry, yes your name... Dick."

Judge Richard was breathing heavily. Tomasina recognized the heat. It was generated in men's balls and radiated all over their senses—which with most men, was anything between six and nine inches to the end of their cocks.

"If you haven't been treated right by the police, I could have the case dismissed, Tomasina."

"I detect a proviso... Dick."

"There must always be order and retribution, dear Tomasina."

He was backing her into a corner. She knew the proposition would follow. How much dick would Dick want to give, was the question.

"Crime needs punishment," he simmered.

"Wasn't that a Russian with an unpronounceable name?" she joked to lessen the tension. He wasn't diverted. Perverted, perhaps.

"So what is the punishment to be?" the judge steamed.

Tomasina sensed he might be a spanker. Would having her ass whacked by a kinky judge be a way out of her dilemma?

“You are gorgeous, Tomasina.” Steam turned to boiling point.

“What’s your proposal, Dick?”

He held her hand and knelt on one knee. “You must punish me, you adorable creature.”

“Me punish you?” she stammered.

“Please, Tomasina?”

She gulped. “What do you want me to do?”

He stood up, paced about in a sexually agitated manner, went to the door and locked it.

“I have an assortment of canes in my closet. You must choose. But there are other conditions of this pardon.”

“I thought there might be, Dick.”

“You must wear my robe when the punishment is administered. . . my robe and nothing else.” She followed his eyes as he looked her up and down. Dick was hot, his dick was hard.

“And it’s just a spanking you want. . . nothing else?”

“Spanking!” he boomed. “This isn’t a spanking. This is a beating, my lady.”

“And how do I know you will keep to your part of the bargain, Dick?”

“Arhh, my dear, a wily advocate, are you? Simple, Tomasina.”

He rushed feverishly over to the closet and brought out a handful of canes. Then he produced a video camera.

“I set this up running as witness to the deed. You can keep the tape as a guarantee of my veracity.” She thought he’d finished talking, but he then put another video camera on the desk. With bulging eyes and even more bulging pants, he declared, “And I can keep this copy to play in my quiet moments.”

Tomasina licked her lips. He was a handsome guy, even for a judge in his forties. What was the alternative? She was facing maybe three years in prison, or whipping a judge’s naked ass. Didn’t seem much of a choice.

“Okay, Dick. When and where?”

“Here and now,” he said in a deep growl. He took off his robe and handed it to her.

“You wear this...remember, nothing else.”

So he wanted a striptease, she chuckled to herself. Slipping out of her skirt, unbuttoning the blouse and kicking off her shoes gave her a thrill just watching the judge salivate. She turned her back and undid the clasp of her bra, letting the garment fall to the ground. Looking over her shoulder, Tomasina couldn't help but grin at his expression of rapture. Or with his red face, was it rapture? She turned and stood, ample breasts, nipples pointing, strutting display.

“Is that a subpoena in your pocket, Judge, or are you just pleased to see me?”

He was deaf to her sassy remarks.

“And the rest,” he groaned.

Tomasina turned, with her back to him again. Down came her panties. She wriggled her ass for his delight. Then didn't wait for him to recover, but turned and gave him a full frontal view of the evidence. He stared at her pubic region like a witness assessing the scene.

“Excellent, Tomasina. You do not disappoint me. Now put on the robe.”

She slipped it on. Apart from covering her shoulders, it did nothing to hide her charms. The judge was fascinated with the lady.

He went over to his leather chair and stripped off. His body was well kept, his cock already as upright as the law should have been. Bending forward, he presented a good ass. This was no time to prevent the due processes of law from going ahead. Tomasina selected a cane, stood by his side and whacked his rear.

Each time she flayed, she saw him watching her swinging breasts. Then she beat on flesh and his body flinched forward. It took ten hits before, in amazement, she saw his cock shudder, and the honorable judge shot his excitement all over the black leather of the chair.

## **Law and Disorder**

As Tomasina left the court cleared of all charges, she saw the evil Detective Inspector Philby staring at her. If looks had wings, this one would have circled her once, and then come in on a Kamikaze dive. She smiled at him from across the road, elegantly lifted one finger and thrust it in the air at him.

“Very unladylike,” a voice said, with a laugh in the admonition. A chauffeur driven car had stopped next to Tomasina. In the back with the window wound down, was Judge Richard.

“If you haven’t anywhere to stay, here’s my address. Come on over and see me,” he handed her a card, then the electric window silently glided shut, concealing the judge in his closed world and not suggesting the darkness of his fantasies.

Tomasina walked to her car, drove around Horncastle, headed out to the beautiful Lincolnshire Wolds and then decided the judge’s offer was the only game in town—or in her case, the countryside.

Bycheter was a refined, small town, ten miles northeast of Horncastle. It said money, and although it didn’t shout, the town had a certain quiet antagonism toward outsiders. Quaint Jacobean fronted shops and houses lined the one road through Bychester. The trees along the main street were not garish Japanese Maples, all frothy pink and snow white in spring, but solid and very English oak. Tomasina felt if she’d stopped the car and asked one of the residents where the judge’s house was, they’d have taken one look at her and then the Purity League would have run her out of town as a harlot.

*The Liberating Education of Tomasina Jones*

She motored around until she saw the sign for the address. At the end of the drive were wrought iron gates. She stooped, leaned out and pressed the intercom.

“Can I help you?”

The voice surprised her, not because of the question, but she had expected a rich, plummy English accent—probably the butler. The tone was very female and casual.

“I’ve come to see Judge Richard.”

“Name?”

“Tomasina Jones.”

Pause, and the click of the intercom being shut down. Then another click and, “That’s fine, come on in.”

The gates swung open. Tomasina drove up to an impressive Victorian mansion with ivy covered walls, yew trees standing sentinel around the porch and the most amazing statuary.

She parked the car, got out and wandered over to take a closer look. From the eastern wing of the mansion, a drive sloped down to a large pond with a central fountain. All the way along this drive were gorgeous statues of what Tomasina assumed were Greek and Roman deities. But with a difference! Whatever god and goddess assets they possessed were magnified and displayed in stone and marble. Athena with enormous breasts; Venus had a rounded ass to sway across the heavens; Zeus an erection to send the Persians scurrying home.

She smiled and walked to the front door, rang the bell and waited.

The judge didn’t have a butler to answer the door.

“Hello. Come in.” The greeter was a nubile nymph in a silky little diaphanous number, which hardly kept out the cold and certainly didn’t hide her worldly goods.

Tomasina went in and was led from a grand hall into an equally splendid room. The décor suggested early Nero with lavish decadence applied thickly and with love. At the far end, by large glass doors leading out onto a patio and swimming pool, lounged Judge Richard, resplendent in toga and surrounded by servants.

Those attending him, with grapes and wine, were what could only be described as a Roman harem—if such a thing existed.

“Tomasina,” The judge waved imperially, and beckoned her to sit by him.

“Welcome to my little piece of heaven.”

Tomasina looked around. There were at least eight semi-nude young women floating decorously about, and she wondered which particular piece he was talking about.

“Now, let me introduce you to my...girls,” he grinned. “Over here with the grapes and broad grin is Daphne. Picked her up when she was arrested for too much clothes shopping.”

“Is that an offense, Judge?”

“It is, Tomasina, when you don’t pay for them. And over there—see, the young lady with the gorgeous breast...breastplate...is Gloria. She is my Praetorian Guard. Collected the delectable Gloria after she couldn’t stop driving cars...other people’s, unfortunately.”

“Sounds a fun life, Judge,” Tomasina shrugged.

“Please don’t call me, Judge.”

“Surely you’re not Emperor Dick?”

“Silly girl, no. In this house, I am Caesar.”

Tomasina could imagine him seizing most of the girls.

“But, my dear Tomasina, why don’t you pop along and perhaps choose something more comfortable to wear? Then when you come back, I’ll decide what your role in my Palace will be. Now don’t forget...not too many clothes. Only means a struggle to take them off later on when the fun and games start.” He laughed, she forced a grin and wandered off with the Praetorian guard in attendance.

They got to a long room with racks of costumes. Most of them wouldn’t give decent cover to a small penguin. Tomasina picked one up which consisted of a leather thong and chain mail top. The chains were so far apart her nipples would have been exposed—but then, that was probably the intention.

“Hey, why don’t you wear that, Tomasina?” Gloria chirped cheerfully. “Then we could stage a mock fight like two gladiators.

Don't worry, I wouldn't hurt you, but if I win, you'd be expected to submit to my demands."

Tomasina wasn't sure she liked the suggestive glint in Gloria's eyes.

"What's that over there?" she asked the brunette Praetorian guard. Gloria turned to where Tomasina was indicating. Miss Jones decided all this was not her scene. She picked up an exquisite vase, brought it sharply down on Gloria's head, stepped over the slumped body and quietly crept out of the house.

She reached her car, got in and turned the ignition key. It made the noise of an asthmatic whale.

"Oh geez, don't do this to me," Tomasina said to her car. It refused to be coaxed.

Getting out, she ran for the gate, realized that even if it had started, the bloody things were locked, climbed over and started to thumb a lift. Within a few minutes, a truck stopped.

"Hey, where are you going?" the guy called down.

"Where are you heading?"

"Skegness."

"That'll do." She climbed up.

As they drove off, she noticed a convoy of trailers and trucks following them.

"Friends of yours," she joked.

"Sure are," he replied seriously. "We're all in the circus and heading for a week of shows at Skegness."

*What is it with me and life?*

## **Riding High**

Eddy Fulton swung upside down and effortlessly caught the young lady. The blonde gave a nervous little scream, struggled, wiggled out of the man's hands and plummeted to the safety net below.

She rolled about in an undignified way, pulled herself up and jumped to the center of the circus ring.

"That's it. I've had fucking all I'm going to stand from that man. I'm out of here." With that, she wiggled away, her ass moving like two small balloons in the tight costume.

Tomasina sat by the side of the ring watching the acrobats practice and then looked up to see Eddy, the guy who'd she hitched a ride with, slide down from the bars.

"Lola is so temperamental," he grinned at Tomasina. "Anyone would think it was my fault she fell. It's her problem. She suffers from vertigo."

"Not a good thing for a high-wire act," Tomasina shrugged. "Doesn't look as if she's coming back."

Eddy was a thickset man in his mid-thirties. His arms and chest were much broader than his height allowed. It came of being the catcher in the act.

"What the hell am I going to do?" he sighed. "The first show is tomorrow. Where am I going to find a pretty woman who looks great in a costume and doesn't mind swinging..."

"Hey, Eddy, don't look at me!" Tomasina said and backed away.

"But you're perfect."

“Yeh, a perfect idiot.”

“But, Tomasina, you told me you were looking for employment.”

“Okay, Eddy, but when I said I wanted a job with travel involved, I didn’t mean through the air!”

The argument went on all the way back to Eddy’s caravan. Tomasina slumped in the corner and sulked.

“Look at this way,” Eddy began again. “This solves both your problems. You get a job and accommodation.”

“...And a broken arm,” Tomasina huffed.

“It would only be for a while,” Eddy cajoled.

“Yes, about five minutes before I hit the ground and get carried away to hospital.”

“I wouldn’t drop you, Tomasina.”

“That’s what all the men say.”

“Come on, seriously.”

She looked at him and then out of the tent at the rain. Where the hell was she going to go?

“I get my own caravan...no sharing?”

“Yes.”

“And this is a business relationship?”

“Yes.”

“Just because I’m swinging up in the air, doesn’t mean I’m swinging from the chandelier with you—strictly a working partnership. Understand?”

“Yes.”

Tomasina thought her brainstorm when turning into a rampaging Viking or a slayer of Romans, was nothing compared to this insanity.

\* \* \* \*

The evening for the show came. Attempts at turning Tomasina into a trapeze artiste were a dismal failure. Eventually, Eddy discovered that Tomasina was a keen horsewoman. She thought that was an exaggeration. Her abilities were confined to lessons when she was ten years old and six months working in a stable. With this limited skill, it was decided Eddy would do some fancy

tricks and flips on the trapeze while Tomasina galloped around the ring, dressed decorously as a Cossack, and hopefully, distracted the audience's attention away from the lack of spectacular action in the air.

The colored spotlights zigzagged across the circus and the music blared out. A roll of the drums heralded the finale to the Double Trouble Flying Team—except there was only one of them up top.

Eddy did a dramatic somersault, and just beyond the central circus ring, out of sight of the audience, Tomasina sat on a truculent stallion, trying to convince the beast she was in charge. It reminded her of when she was eighteen and had a fling with a sailor one evening. He bucked and brayed as much as this horse!

As Eddy caught hold of the swing, a tremendous applause burst forth. That was it. The stallion didn't like sudden noises and decided to take fright. Hanging on for dear life, Tomasina clung on to its mane as the horse galloped full pelt into the ring.

The audience at first cheered. Then on the second circuit, with the horse snorting hot steam and Tomasina whooping wildly, parents grabbed their children. By the fourth completed circumference, everybody was diving for cover.

Tomasina, dressed in her erotic Cossack costume, had become a banshee devil from the steppes, weaving and swerving the horse in and out of the rows of seats. Then she saw her target. Two young men in the third tier of seats.

Standing high in the stirrups, she galloped toward them. On the first pass, she scooped up the dark-haired one and threw him across the saddle. Then turning suddenly, sending sawdust flying, she charged back again and picked up the other young man, flinging him behind her on the horse's rump.

Urging the horse into a rearing and fearsome salute, she wailed like the hordes invading across the deserts of Asia, whipped the stallion into action...and was gone.

Tomasina, horsewoman and scourge of the circus, erupted from the Big Top, two captured men with her, and headed across the sand, toward the dunes in the far distance. The night soon

wrapped itself around her escape and in her eyes was the obsessed look of a dedicated cavalry warrior, taking back her prizes to the homestead tents.

But her destination was not a canvas abode. She steered the stallion up an incline and along the far end of the promenade. In the darkness of the evening, Tomasina came upon a group of small wooden beach huts. She jumped spectacularly to the ground, picked up a stone and smashed the lock on one of them. Flinging down the two men, Tomasina took a whip from the saddle and with glaring, demented eyes, cracked the air until they cowed and backed away into the hut, perused by their new mistress.

“You,” Tomasina pointed aggressively at the dark-haired male. “What is your name?” The retort of the whip sparking into action made him find his tongue.

“Allen,” he stuttered.

“And you, with the deep chest,” she smirked darkly at the other man.

“I think...” An angry lash of the whip inches from his back made him come to an instant fawning reply.

“Greg.”

Tomasina stood with one arm across the open door and the other flicking the whip in front of their ashen faces.

“Well, Allen and Greg, down on your knees and look upon your mistress. Tonight, you two will know the power of my desire. I have ridden across frontiers to find the men who can satisfy me.”

“But this is Skegness,” Allen uttered in shock.

“Silence, dog,” she lashed with her tongue and whip. “I am the resurrection of the Great Khan, come in female form to show you mere men what sensuality unleashed is really about.”

With towering supremacy, Tomasina looked down at them and laughed, her howl of lust cutting into the night and their souls.

“Now, delicate manhood, let us begin the exploration of your strength. Strip before my glare and let me taste your ardor.”

As the wind whipped the sand against a blue and yellow beach hut on the northern promenade at Skegness, Tomasina chuckled

lasciviously as she tested the men's ability to match her sensual pleasure.

## **Come, My Lover**

Early morning. Another road to somewhere, another head full of confusion. Tomasina could remember the sensual night in a beach hut but it was as if it had happened to someone else. She'd eventually exhausted Allen and Greg and left them tied up and naked. Someone would find them later in the day—when they'd recovered enough energy to shout for help.

The road headed slightly southwest out of Skegness and to her left, the sun rose on another day. For some reason, she tried to calculate that if the earth was five billion years old, how many daybreaks had there been. She got sidetracked thinking about the sun being obliterated by massive eruptions of volcanoes. That sent her mind into recalling a particular session with Allen, and that...was another thought.

Across the southern part of Lincolnshire, the land became flat and open. Tomasina rode in a daze, recalling all that had happened to her. Was this a curse? Or perhaps a dream? It had certainly been a liberating education.

As she came into the town of Boston, something drew her to the market square. She knew what it was. Her hope of seeing Bladen Kelly. The feeling was dichotomous. Her love and passion for him had been genuine. Even without this strangeness which came over her, he would have been an object of desire. But then, on the other hand, how could she face him and explain her peculiar behavior? Peculiar? It had been damn weird!

The stalls were being erected. Each one had a colored canopy and the people underneath took on the hue of the material as the

sun filtered down, casting light and shade onto humanity. It was an old scene. From Greece to Rome, Carthage to Inca, Ming to Manchu, Zanzibar to Constantinople, the market place had been more than a place to buy and sell. People met and talked, swapped gossip, traded goods and good-natured insults. Information was conveyed, news spread and tales told. When humankind learned to talk, they immediately invented the market place. They were inquisitive, noisy and gregarious creatures.

She couldn't see Bladen. His stall was there—but not his handsome face. Tomasina wandered over to it and chattered to people at the other stalls. As she turned, she saw a blonde woman staring at her. Now, she knew that pretty, pouting face from somewhere!

“What are you doing here? Samantha, isn't it?”

“How sweet of you to remember me, Tomasina.”

“Never forget the face of a woman who was shagging my late husband.”

“Can't we draw a veil over the past, Tomasina?”

“Shouldn't it be a shroud?”

“What?”

“Never mind.”

The two women looked at each other. They only had Vincent in common. Or so they thought.

“Well, Samantha, what are you doing in a place like Boston market? I'd have thought a fancy shopping mall was more your style.”

“I'm looking for Bladen.”

Tomasina froze to the sunny spot. Surely this immaculately dressed Barbie doll wasn't screwing around with Bladen? What was this Samantha? Some kind of shagging nemesis?

“How do you know Bladen?” Tomasina asked in quiet shock.

“We're close.”

“Close, as in?”

“Related.”

Tomasina had heard it called all sorts of things...but related!

“Do you want to explain?” Tomasina suggested.

“I’m Bladen’s sister.”

Tomasina didn’t know what to make of this turn of events. Was it better the femme fatale was a blood relation of Bladen, or would it have been easier if she’d just been a bedmate? Before an answer followed, both in her head and from Samantha, the blonde gave her hair a cultured flick, like those stupid models do on shampoo adverts, and announced her departure.

“Tell Bladen I was looking for him,” she simpered, and wiggled off to full effect. The lustful glances of the male stallholders were noted and encouraged by the blonde with a fluttering eyelid here and a baby face grin there. Tomasina felt like chucking up.

What could she do now? When her heart sank, her stomach grumbled. She waltzed over to a stall cooking all manner of delicious and fattening foods, ordered a bacon sandwich, a large cup of tea and promised the guy to pay him back by the end of the week. She had in mind money—his male brain probably envisaged a more carnal return on the loan.

Tomasina sat on the stone parapet of the small bridge, munching the sandwich, licking lips and sticky fingers, and wandering what the hell to do.

“Thinking about contraband?”

She swung around with a mouthful of bacon, and spluttered an incomprehensible sentence.

“Hey, take it easy, Tomasina. Don’t want you blowing a fuse and attacking me again.”

She swallowed the sandwich and blurted out, “Bladen! What the heck are you doing here?”

“That should be my question. I live here. It’s you that’s been on the run.”

“No, I haven’t, I..” she paused, not knowing how to explain. He moved closer and took her hand.

“Don’t worry, Tomasina. Just pleased to see you back.” A few words were drowned as a bus trundled over the cobbled paved bridge. It was an opportunity to forget explanations. Bladen pulled her tight into his body and kissed her.

As she stood back and felt the taste of his lips, he wiped his hand across his mouth and shrugged, “Some bacon flavored kisser.”

They walked hand-in-hand toward a café and sat down outside. Coffee was ordered.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?” Bladen asked hesitatingly.

“Do you mean in the Bell Tower?”

He nodded.

“I don’t know. It’s kind of weird.” Tomasina wanted to say more, but couldn’t find an explanation. Then the moment became sour. She caught sight of the blonde tripping toward them.

“Oh, Bladen...hello again, Tomasina...I’ve been looking for you all morning.”

“Hi, Samantha. Let me introduce you...”

“We’ve met,” Tomasina interrupted sulkily.

Samantha ignored her and spoke directly to Bladen.

“Have you seen Wesley?”

“Not for a few days.” Bladen’s answer was cagey.

“You just tell him to get back home and stop wandering off,” Samantha whined. The three of them sat staring at each other. Eventually, Tomasina made a move to get up and go. She didn’t want to interfere. Bladen put his arm up and held her elbow.

“Don’t go, Tomasina. Samantha was just leaving—weren’t you?”

The blonde puckered her lips and pushed her bosom higher into its uplift bra, making sure the view of cleavage was available to the passing admirers. She got up and slowly walked away, turning once and sending back another instruction.

“Tell that Wesley I’m looking for him.”

“He knows...he knows,” Bladen muttered softly.

“Who’s Wesley?” Tomasina asked, when Samantha was well out of earshot.

“My poor brother.”

“Your brother! Then why does your sister want him?”

“Sister-in-law,” Bladen corrected.

“So you’re not related...well, blood related?”

“Who, me and Samantha? Good heavens, no. The woman is a man eater. She’s known in the district as *bury-me-in-a-Y-shape-coffin* Samantha. Nothing is safe if it has a cock.”

They laughed and then looked at each other.

“So what are we going to do, Tomasina?”

“Like what?”

Do you fancy a life together?”

“Is that a proposal, Bladen?”

“Could be. But just one thing. These peculiar attacks you get. Promise me when you want to go sexually wild, it will be with me.”

“Do you have anything in mind?” Tomasina smirked.

“I’ve always fancied a game of doctors and nurses. I’ve got some uniforms back at my apartment,” he said in anticipation.

As they strolled across the square to collect his car, Tomasina felt a slight buzzing in her head. There was an image of Bladen as her patient as she was examining his tonsils with her tongue. Then that image faded and what he was examining her with came into view.

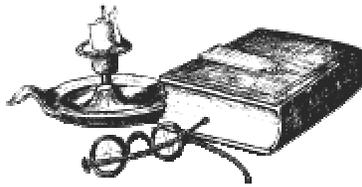
Her laughter roared across the market square. It was deep and sensuous. The liberating education would continue . . . with Bladen.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Emy Naso is a true Celt. Born in Wales, Emy now lives quietly on the east coast of the UK.

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